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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1959.

OXFORD'S LONG-AWAITED BOAT-RACE WIN: THE VICTORS LEADING CAMBRIDGE BY 2½ LENGTHS AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

With their victory in this year's Boat Race, Oxford were the winners for the first time since 1954, achieving their most decisive win since 1912, and their time of 18 mins. 52 secs.—fast in the conditions—was the ninth fastest for the race. From the start of the race, Oxford began to establish their lead, Cambridge rowing on the Surrey side after winning the toss. Oxford got away to a brisk start, their stroke, Lander, soon steadying the crew, and at the Mile Post they were nearly a length up on Cambridge. Long before the end, there never seemed to be any serious doubt about the result—Oxford rowing beautifully, and steadily increasing their lead, while Cambridge bravely battled on trying to catch their rivals. At the finishing-post, Oxford were six lengths ahead, Cambridge's final burst at 35 strokes a minute proving no more than a heroic final gesture by the losers. It was the 105th Boat Race, and the result was a great triumph for Group Captain H. R. A. Edwards, Oxford's sole coach, and for R. L. Howard, the Oxford President, who had to deal with the revolt—over rowing styles—in the Boat Club last autumn.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A HUNDRED years ago, on St. Cecilia's Day 1859—the year of my father's birth—there was born one of the greatest benefactors this great country has ever known. For Cecil Sharp, the son of a London slate merchant, played the leading part in restoring to the English people and making them conscious of—and just in time and before it vanished for ever, as but for him and a number of other devoted and, at that time, obscure workers and enthusiasts, it would have done—the great heritage of folk song and folk dance that had grown up in England during the centuries but which in the late Victorian and Edwardian age was fast dying, rather as the string choirs of the village churches had died in a previous age. Here and there a little group of traditional dancers, as at Headington, still maintained, neglected by all, the hereditary dances of their forbears; here and there some old singer in tavern or cottage would still recall and, if encouraged, sing the lovely sixteenth and seventeenth century, and even mediæval, airs that had been handed down from father to son and that had once been the common property, for all their strong regional devolution, of all Englishmen. Yet within another generation—the generation of the First World War, the triumph of the internal combustion engine, and the coming of jazz and the cinema—their total extinction would have been certain but for the providential intervention of this little group of enthusiasts—scholars and musicians and collectors—of whom Cecil Sharp is, by general acclaim, the most famous. His name is commemorated for ever in Cecil Sharp House, built between the wars as the London headquarters of the English Folk Dance Society, which he had founded in 1911, and which to-day—blitzed in 1940 and since rebuilt—is the home of the now amalgamated English Folk Dance and Song Society. His life's work was begun on Boxing Day morning 1899 when, an already middle-aged teacher of music, he saw by chance the Morris Dancers at Headington quarry, near Oxford. Captivated by the beauty of the tunes, which he noted down from their concertina-accompanist, William Kimber, he devoted the remaining twenty-four years of his life to the collection of the folk songs and dances of our race, notably in Somerset, where between 1903 and 1907 he collected some 1500 songs, many of which he subsequently published in the five series of "Folk Songs from Somerset," and a decade later, during the First World War, in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of Kentucky where, with another great musical scholar and enthusiast, Maud Karpeles, he found and gathered another 1500 songs which had crossed the Atlantic from England in the early years of American colonisation and still survived among the poor whites of the Southern States. Simultaneously he turned his wonderful gifts and burning enthusiasm to the revival of folk dancing in England, searching out and reconstructing the beautiful Morris Dances of the Cotswolds and the Sword Dances of Northern England and both publishing them and teaching them to others. Three years before the First World War he founded the English Folk Dance Society for the preservation and dissemination of the dances of the English countryside, and which, in the course of the next quarter of a century, was to make this great heritage of traditional music and dancing a universally recognised national property, known as it is to-day to almost every school child and radio listener. This wonderful achievement was performed by a busy professional teacher of music, with little money or influence, travelling the country in his holidays by bicycle and train and nosing out the treasures he sought in inn parlour and humble cottage. His death at the age of sixty-four brought his life, but not his work, to an end, and to-day, more than thirty years later, it is still growing and reaching ever-widening circles, both here and throughout the world.

Cecil Sharp was not the only, or even the first, discoverer and disseminator of this glorious musical heritage from the English past. Eighteen months before he saw and heard the Morris Dancers in Headington quarry, a little group of scholars and musicians founded, during the summer of 1898, the Folk Song Society. Among those who served on its first committee were the composers Elgar, Parry, Stanford and Grieg, and the world-famous violinist, Joachim. But the two members of the infant Society who were to contribute most to its work and growth were a modest and retiring Yorkshire scholar named Frank Kidson, who had made a collection and index of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century country song and dance tunes, and a Sussex lady, Miss Lucy Broadwood, who had recently published, in collaboration with J. A. Fuller-Maitland, another founder-member of the Society, a most valuable and pioneer collection under the title of English Country Songs. Lucy Broadwood later became Secretary of the Society and frequently Editor of its journal, and, at the end of her life, its most honoured President. The journal which on so many occasions she edited became the focus of the Society's work, publishing every year a new collection of hitherto unpublished English folk song and music, and accumulating in the course of sixty years a vast repository of traditional music. It was largely this, and the new—or, rather, old but intensely vital—blood that it injected into the veins of British music that brought about the astonishing musical renaissance that occurred in this country during the first half of the present century. Among the names associated with it, all of whom were inspired by and most of whom contributed to the Society's work, were Vaughan Williams, Percy Grainger, E. J. Moeran, Frederic Keel, Peter Warlock—a profound scholar of Tudor music as well as one of the greatest song writers this country has ever produced—and George Butterworth, whose life and brilliant musical career were so tragically cut short in the First World War.

Out of the germinating and cumulative activities of these two Societies and their amalgamation in 1932, and out of the life's work of Cecil Sharp and his bequest of his library and manuscript collections to the English Folk Dance Society, has grown the Library of Cecil Sharp House, which is the permanent repository of the main corpus of what has been both published and collected of English folk song, music and dance, and which to-day, commemorating the name of the great composer so long associated with it, is known as the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. Last year, to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Folk Song Society, a National Folk Music Fund or Trust was founded in order to finance and maintain the growing services of this Library to the nation and to British musicians, students and lovers of British music generally. This Trust is independent of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, and, though springing from it and the tireless work of its Director, Douglas Kennedy—Cecil Sharp's successor—and strongly supported by its members, it is being operated on a nation-wide basis and is dependent on the support of everyone, here and throughout the English-speaking world, who loves and values the great heritage that the pioneers, collectors and scholars of the English folk music revival have made available to our own age and to posterity. Though its needs, which are considerable, are on a much smaller scale, they are as important and deserving of support in their own way as those of that wonderful legacy of inspired architecture enshrined in our English cathedrals and country churches. Both are expressions of English genius and English faith and feeling, and both are a major and, it should be hoped, imperishable part of our national heritage.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF APRIL 2, 1859.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK: WALL-STREET.

"Wall-Street, New York, has a reputation in both hemispheres. It is the very centre and core of American speculation, of banks and commerce, railways, and all the affairs pertaining to them. It is alike the Exchange, the Capel-court, and the Bourse of the New World; and in the full height and tide of business, from eleven o'clock to three, offers a scene of bustle and excitement seldom seen in England, but which all may understand who remember that the Anglo-American is alike as solid and as speculative as the Englishman, and as easily excited as the Frenchman."

MR. MACMILLAN'S U.S. VISIT: IN WASHINGTON, CAMP DAVID AND LONDON.

MR. MACMILLAN AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A MEETING WITH MR. DULLES IN THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON.

ON THEIR RETURN FROM CAMP DAVID: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, MR. MACMILLAN (TOP LEFT), AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD MEETING MR. DULLES IN WASHINGTON.

MR. MACMILLAN'S FAREWELL VISIT TO MR. EISENHOWER: THE PRIME MINISTER AND PRESIDENT EXAMINE THE LATTER'S ROUND-THE-WORLD CLOCK IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER LOOKS AT HIS WATCH DURING A BREAK IN THE TALKS AT CAMP DAVID, AS MR. MACMILLAN LOOKS ON.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ASSISTS MR. MACMILLAN TO FASTEN HIS SAFETY BELT IN A HELICOPTER BEFORE THEY FLEW FROM WASHINGTON TO CAMP DAVID.

MR. MACMILLAN AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MARCH 24, AFTER LEAVING THE *COMET* IN WHICH HE AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD RETURNED FROM THE UNITED STATES.

President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan arrived in the "wooded seclusion" of Camp David, Maryland, for their discussions on March 20. Before flying there by helicopter, they had conferred with Mr. Dulles in Washington. Mr. Macmillan's visit to the U.S. followed closely on those he had made to Moscow, Paris and Bonn. The President and Mr. Macmillan returned to Washington on March 22, and two days later the Prime Minister was back in England. On his arrival in London he said he could not reveal in detail what had been agreed in Washington, as consultation with Britain's allies was necessary before Western replies to the last Russian Note could be sent. The replies would concern negotiations with the Soviet Union, and Mr. Macmillan hoped these would start with useful work by the Foreign Ministers in preparation for a summit meeting later in the year. Echoing his words on Cyprus recently, he said East and West should not strive for a victory for one side or the other, but for a victory for common sense.

FROM LA ROCHELLE TO PEARL HARBOUR: NEWS FROM TWO HEMISPHERES.

A WEDDING WITH A DIFFERENCE IN FRANCE: TWO ACROBATS WHO WERE MARRIED ON A TIGHTROPE IN LA ROCHELLE RECENTLY. THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY HELD IN LA ROCHELLE.

THE BRIDEGROOM PLACING THE WEDDING RING ON HIS BRIDE'S FINGER: ANOTHER SCENE DURING THE MARRIAGE AT LA ROCHELLE HARBOUR OF ROLAND SCHMIDT AND FRANCINE PARY ON MARCH 21.

THE SURRENDER OF SOME 150 ALGERIAN REBELS TO FRENCH FORCES: ALI HAMBLI THE LEADER, RIGHT, WITH TWO OF HIS MEN.

It was reported from Algiers on March 22 that a group of about 150 Algerian rebels, led by Ali Hambli, had surrendered to French forces, with their arms, near the Tunisian border. It was claimed as the first rebel surrender in the Algerian war, Ali Hambli being reported as saying he supported General de Gaulle's plan for Algeria.

A RECENT OCCASION IN FIJI: SIR GEORGE FINLAY, ESCORTED BY AN ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT, INSPECTING A FIJI POLICE GUARD OF HONOUR.

For the first time, four judges recently sat together at the Fiji Court of Appeal, it is reported. Before the opening of the Court, the judges—Sir George Finlay, Mr. A. G. Lowe, Chief Justice of Fiji, Sir Joseph Stanton, and Mr. C. Hamment, Puisne Judge, Fiji—were received with a police guard of honour.

PHOTOGRAPHED ON HIS ARRIVAL BY AIR IN WASHINGTON FOR A FIVE-DAY VISIT: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, WITH VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON.

On his arrival in Washington, King Hussein was greeted by Vice-President Nixon and Mr. Herter, acting Secretary of State. During the visit, King Hussein was expected to discuss his country's need for American assistance, and on March 25 met President Eisenhower.

IN PEARL HARBOUR, ON MARCH 18: KING HUSSEIN RECEIVING FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE U.S. MISSILE SUBMARINE *GRAYBACK* A MODEL OF THE SUBMARINE'S *REGULUS* MISSILE.

POISED ON THE DAMAGED BOW OF THE *SANTA ROSA*: THE FUNNEL OF THE TANKER *VALCHEM*.

(Above.) THE STERN OF THE TANKER *VALCHEM*, AFTER SHE HAD COLLIDED OFF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.
(Right.) SHOWING THE DAMAGE CAUSED IN THE COLLISION: THE LINER *SANTA ROSA* IN DOCK FOR REPAIRS.

A TANKER'S FUNNEL LIFTED AWAY IN ATLANTIC COLLISION.

When the 16,000-ton luxury liner *Santa Rosa* arrived in New York on March 26, she carried on her bow the funnel and two ventilators of the tanker *Valchem*, into which she had collided off New Jersey. The liner's bow cut more than halfway through the tanker's stern, killing four members of the *Valchem's* crew, destroying two of her boilers, flooding her engine room and putting her power-plant out of action. The accident seems to have occurred in a light fog, but substantially different versions of the crash have been given. The Grace Line, which operates the liner, blamed the tanker for changing its course too late, and asserted that the *Valchem* was "visually sighted at over five miles." But the captain of the tanker said there was thick fog, and that it was the *Santa Rosa* that had changed course. The New York Coast Guard authorities opened an investigation into the collision, which was expected to last several days.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE DESPATCH ON NYASALAND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

THE despatch of the Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Robert Armitage, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, issued as a White Paper (Cmnd. 707: H.M. Stationery Office), is in some respects a satisfactory document but in others not conclusive. On the credit side, it clears a lot of ground previously disputed or distorted. It wholly disposes of certain allegations—some of them directed against the Governor himself—and contains a useful sketch of events which had frequently been misinterpreted. In other respects it leaves charges incompletely supported, though it may well be that the evidence on which they were based could not safely have been disclosed when it was compiled.

Sir Robert Armitage outlines previous history as far back as the formation of the Nyasaland African Congress "for African welfare and advancement" in 1944 and how, when the question of forming Nyasaland and the two Rhodesias into a Federation came up, this Congress became a political organisation in opposition to the project. It was treated as a political party and, though the oratory which proceeded from it was often disturbing, it could not be regarded as seditious from the legal point of view. The situation altered from last July, when Dr. Banda returned in the guise of a "messiah-like figure" and became leader of Congress on his own terms. Among his utterances were public threats of victimisation to police who attended his meetings in the course of duty.

The situation worsened and rioting took place. Asians were attacked after threats launched against them by Dr. Banda. Illegal meetings were held.

The crucial meetings were those of January 24 and 25 this year. The delay in reporting what had come to light about them was due, the Governor states, to the fact that they could not be assessed until February 13. Briefly, the programme as given in the despatch was as follows. Unlawful meetings were to be held throughout the Protectorate, where possible in the bush, but without resort to violence. Should Dr. Banda be arrested (as was evidently expected) four subordinates were to take control of Congress. Their principal function was to organise and fix the date of "R" day, on which violence would begin. It included sabotage of the telephone service; the destruction of bridges and the Blantyre power station; and the assassination of the Governor himself, District and Provincial Commissioners, police officers, and some chiefs and other Africans.

It is pointed out that by the time the analysis of the information at the Governor's disposal had been completed it had been to some extent corroborated, because the agitation had taken a form which corresponded closely to the first part of the programme. Sir Robert Armitage did not know how long this phase was to last, his information being that the plan left a margin of from ten to twenty-one days, according as the difficulties of communicating it proved great or small. He now appealed, on his own initiative, to the Federation and Southern Rhodesia for reinforcements. By March 2 he was adequately provided for in this respect. He proclaimed a state of emergency, which came into force on the 3rd.

CHIEF KUNTHEMBWE AND HIS WIFE, STANDING OUTSIDE THE RUINS OF THEIR HOUSE WHICH WAS BURNT DOWN BY NYASALAND RIOTERS DURING A NIGHT RAID 18 MILES FROM BLANTYRE.

Chief Kunthembwe is one of a number of chiefs who have opposed the African National Congress in Nyasaland and have expressed disquiet at the methods employed in the furtherance of its aims. On March 14, when a combined mobile force set out from Blantyre to restore civil power in the Southern Province, one of their chief objectives was to summon chiefs, headmen and councillors and to reassure them that their powers would be fully restored. The power of the chiefs had been undermined by the African Congress and it was the object of the mission to assure the chiefs of the Government's backing.

I consider that a fair-minded reader of the despatch will feel that it fully demolishes arguments that the declaration of a state of emergency was either premature or unjustified. It would seem more probable that it was done only just in time, though it would, of course, have been fatal to take any such action without adequate power to support it, which, as Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Robert Armitage could not provide from his own resources. Whatever line the leadership of Congress had taken, the passions which had been aroused in an excitable and primitive African community would in all probability have led to horrible excesses.

The other allegation which goes by the board is that the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Roy Welensky, jumped in to seize an opportunity for which he had been waiting and bullied Sir Robert Armitage into accepting the aid of Southern Rhodesian Territorial troops. Those who believe that the Governor was lying when he said that the initiative was entirely his own are perhaps unlikely to believe that what was actually happening provided ample justification for his action, and that his name would ever afterward have been tarnished with the blood of innocent victims if he had failed to do so. I cannot address myself to them, but neither can I suppose that they represent a majority in this country. Were it to be proved—a matter on which I have no information—that some of the troops behaved more roughly than was necessary to restore quietude, this would in no way support charges that the Governor had acted improperly.

So the position as I see it is this: there was evidence of violence; it was sufficiently grave to justify the declaration of a state of emergency and the provision of means to enforce it; this provision of means was not a *coup* on the part of the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia—but it is unfortunate, and is likely to disquiet many people, that the Governor's action should be based on evidence which has not been produced. I ought to make the reservation that the resemblance of what occurred in the first act of the programme set out by Sir Robert Armitage is evidence. It does not appear to me to be very strong, however, because the behaviour reported would have been natural, even if there had been no second act to come. On the other hand, the immediate production of the evidence might have been dangerous not only from the point of view of security but to those from whom the testimony came.

Sooner or later this evidence will have to be submitted to outside investigation, and the sooner the better. The need for an enquiry has become more pressing than ever. The demand that it should be made by a Parliamentary Commission was to be expected. I am glad it has been refused, as I expected it to be. The affair has already become embedded in British politics; in fact, become a political issue, which in itself is undesirable. Were the enquiry to be conducted in this manner the process would develop further and the results might well be to make confusion worse confounded.

A legal enquiry is the ideal solution. Lawyers are the best sifters when the main object is the sifting of evidence. Even then the composition of the team cannot be a simple matter.* The question of representation is by no means an easy one. The scope would almost certainly prove a controversial matter. Should it be confined to a study of the evidence on which the Governor of Nyasaland acted, it would certainly clear up the most doubtful points, but, then, as I have argued, the situation appears to have demanded such action by reason of events which are now hardly in dispute.

No such enquiry can be stretched to cover decision on the future of the Federation. This is a matter involving responsibilities far wider than such a body can deal with. It is one on which all the governing authorities concerned, whatever their status, must have their say; but the final responsibility must rest with the British Government. It cannot divest itself of this charge, and there is no indication that it has any intention of doing so. The whole future of a multi-racial community in these regions of Africa—already imperilled and indeed doubtful—depends on its decisions and action. Is it too late to express the hope that the holders of conflicting views in this country will treat the subject dispassionately and strive to diminish prejudice rather than to chalk up points for themselves?

* The composition of the Commission of Inquiry for Nyasaland and its terms of reference were announced after this article was written.

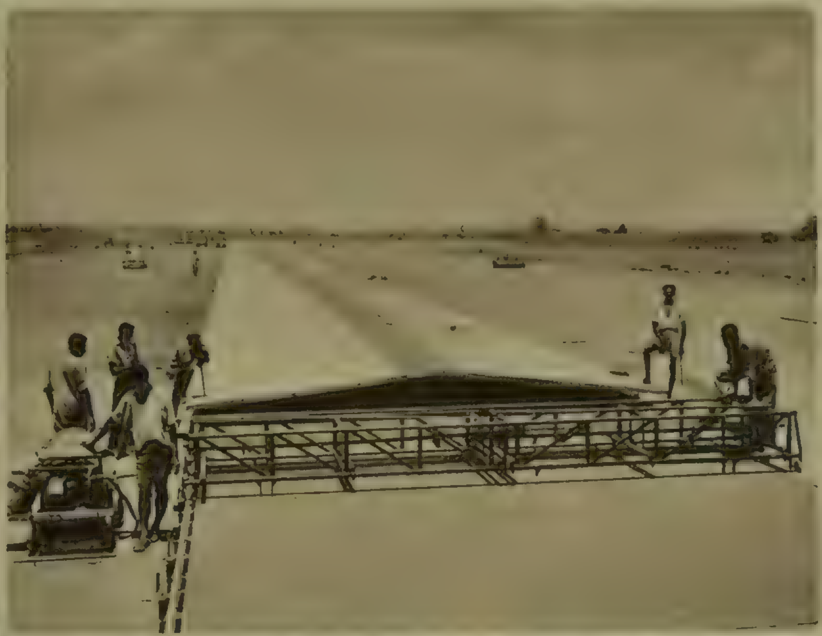
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.

ROME, ITALY. ARRIVING FROM BONN WITH HER MOTHER, PRINCESS SORAYA, FORMER WIFE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WAS MET AT THE AIRPORT BY MORE THAN 200 PHOTOGRAPHERS AND REPORTERS, WHO HAD HEARD RUMOURS OF HER POSSIBLE ENGAGEMENT TO PRINCE RAIMONDO ORSINI.

NEW YORK, U.S.A. A RADIO THE SIZE OF A SUGAR-LUMP ON EXHIBITION.
With the immediate aim of drastically reducing the size and weight of rocket satellites, the U.S. Army has successfully developed radios no larger than sugar-lumps. Such developments will eventually make possible television sets which hang like pictures, with their components in the rim of the picture-frame.

PARIS, FRANCE. ON PUBLIC VIEW IN A PARIS ART GALLERY BEFORE BEING AUCTIONED IN SWITZERLAND: A FEW PIECES OF THE MAGNIFICENT SET OF SILVERWARE DESIGNED FOR THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, CONSIDERED AMONG THE FINEST ARTISTIC PRODUCTS OF THE NAPOLEONIC ERA.

MEDITERRANEAN. TO MARK THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF N.A.T.O.: THE CREW OF A U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FORM A FLIGHT-DECK TRIBUTE.
The crew of the 51,000-ton American aircraft-carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* marked the tenth anniversary of N.A.T.O. in this spectacular way. The ship's aircraft will later conduct aerial shows over Naples, as part of a demonstration of air, land and sea power in Southern Europe.



FIJI ISLANDS. AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE WEATHER: NEWLY-LAID CONCRETE RUNWAYS BEING COVERED WITH A PROTECTIVE PORTABLE "ROOF" WHICH CAN EASILY BE MOVED TO PROTECT FRESH AREAS WHEN THE SURFACE HAS HARDENED. THE WEATHER IN FIJI TENDS TO BE UNPREDICTABLE.

ECHWEILER, WEST GERMANY. BEING BROUGHT INTO FIRING POSITION BY GERMAN SOLDIERS, DURING TRAINING: THE AMERICAN SHORT-RANGE ROCKET *HONEST JOHN*.
The first operational West German rocket battalion, due to be formed on April 1, will use the American *Honest John* rocket, a short-range weapon that can carry a nuclear warhead. The rocket is shown here on demonstration.

SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA. A SILENT PROTEST AGAINST A BILL DUE TO BE DISCUSSED BY THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN PARLIAMENT: MEMBERS OF THE "BLACK SASH."
The "Black Sash" organisation is well known in South Africa for its silent demonstrations. Recently women of the "Black Sash" appeared outside the Southern Rhodesian Parliament building, in protest against a Bill giving the Government extensive powers of detention.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE R.A.F. CAMP ON GAN ISLAND, IN THE ADDU ATOLL, THE SOUTHERNMOST OF THE GROUPS OF ISLANDS WHICH MAKE UP THE MALDIVES.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF AN ENTIRELY PALM-TREE-COVERED ISLAND IN THE MALDIVES. ONE OF THE SOUTHERNMOST, THIS LIES VERY NEAR OR ON THE EQUATOR.

EARLY SUNDAY MORNING ON GAN ISLAND: AND THE R.A.F. CHAPLAIN CONDUCTS THE COMMUNION SERVICE FOR HIS FIVE COMMUNICANTS ON THE CORAL BEACH.

AT THE R.A.F. STATION ON GAN ISLAND, IN THE MALDIVES. THE R.A.F. ENSIGN CAN BE SEEN FLYING FROM A PALM TREE. ON THE LEFT IS THE BEACH.

BREAK-TIME DURING THE MORNING'S WORK; AND AN AIRMAN JOINS A GROUP OF MALDIVIAN WORKMEN IN DRINKING THE MILK OF UNRIPE COCONUTS IN THE SHADE.

MALDIVIAN GIRLS AND TWO CHILDREN ON GAN ISLAND. THE MALDIVIAN WOMEN ARE VERY SHY AND HAVE LITTLE CONTACT OUTSIDE THEIR OWN FAMILIES.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS. AIRMEN AND MALDIVIANS: LIFE ON GAN ISLAND—THE CRUX IN THE INTERRUPTED DISCUSSIONS.

In 1957 a draft agreement was made between the U.K. and the Government of the Maldive Islands giving the U.K. rights to build an R.A.F. staging-post on Gan Island—which is in the southernmost atoll of the group; and work to the value of about £3,000,000 has already been done. Discussions on the final form of this agreement began in Colombo in January this year, but were rapidly complicated by trouble between the natives of Addu Atoll (in which Gan lies) and the Maldivian Government, principally, it would appear, about the deductions made by the Maldivian Government from the wages paid by the U.K. employers to the local labour (but paid by the U.K. to the Maldivian authorities). This has led to complications and to the accusation being made that the British authorities (especially the R.A.F. liaison officer, Major Philips, an ornithologist and former tea-planter) were fomenting trouble in the three southernmost atolls (who were reported to be setting up a separate Government) in order to gain greater control of the internal affairs of the Maldive Islands as a whole. The affair has been described as a ludicrous quarrel which could have a serious impact on Commonwealth defence and communications. On March 25 it seemed likely that talks would be resumed. *(The four lower photographs are by Mr. R. J. K. Harrison.)*

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.

A MALDIVIAN GOVERNMENT-OWNED SAILING SHIP IN COLOMBO HARBOUR. MOST OF THE MALDIVES' TRADE, EXPORT AND IMPORT, IS WITH CEYLON, THEIR CHIEF NEIGHBOUR.

THE RULER OF THE MALDIVE ISLANDS, H.H. SULTAN AL AMIR MOHAMED FARID DIDI, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF HIS PALACE AT MALE.

THIS WIDE VERANDAH-ED BUNGALOW IS TYPICAL OF THE NEWER HOUSES IN MALE, WHERE WIDE STREETS, UNTROUBLED BY TRAFFIC, ARE OFTEN TREE-GROWN LIKE THIS.

ONLY THE SULTAN HAS A CAR IN MALE; AND THE FEW BICYCLES ALL REQUIRE A LICENCE. THE PAGODA-LIKE BUILDING SERVES AS A LOOKOUT FOR THE WOMEN.

IN MALE, THE CAPITAL OF THE MALDIVES, THE WIDE SANDED STREETS ARE OCCASIONALLY TRAVERSED BY A BICYCLE, BUT ARE USUALLY SILENT AND DESERTED LIKE THIS.

MAIN STREET, MALE. THE LARGE BUILDING IS A HOTEL AND RESTAURANT. MALE HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT 8000; AND THE WHOLE GROUP OF ISLANDS ABOUT 82,000.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS: IDYLLIC CORAL ATOLLS, WHOSE RELATIONS WITH THE U.K. ARE NOW STRAINED.

The current strained relations between Great Britain and the Government of the Maldive Islands has drawn attention to a group of delightful and little-known coral atolls—which are usually regarded as idyllically pleasant. The Maldives are a long string of twelve atolls lying between about 7 degrees North and 1 degree South, some 400 miles south-west of Ceylon. Their total area is 115 square miles and their population at 1956 was 81,950. The capital is on Male Atoll and is also called Male, with a population of about 8000. Their ruler is the Sultan Al Amir Mohamed Farid Didi and the islands have been under British protection since 1887 and enjoy complete independence in their internal affairs. The airfield, which was built during the 1939-45 War and which is being re-established as an air staging post, lies on Gan Island, in Addu Atoll, the southernmost atoll of all.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.

HONG KONG. A WATER SHORTAGE, CAUSED BY A LEAK IN THE CHANNEL FROM ONE OF HONG KONG'S RESERVOIRS: CHILDREN QUEUEING UP TO COLLECT THE DAILY RATION OF FRESH WATER. REPAIRING THE LEAK WAS EXPECTED TO TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS.

OFF GREENLAND. THE CREW OF THE DANISH SHIP *KISTA DAN* ABOUT TO THROW A WREATH INTO THE SEA AS THEY PASSED THE SCENE OF THE RECENT TRAGIC LOSS OF THE *HANS HEDTOFT*.

BRITTANY, FRANCE. MME. ALICE MOISAN INSPECTS THE DOZENS OF BRONZE AXE-HEADS, BELIEVED TO DATE FROM 800 TO 1000 B.C., FOUND IN HER FIELD AT LOUDEAC. THE AXES HAVE BEEN LAID IN A CIRCLE.

MACAO. AFTER FLEEING FROM COMMUNIST CHINA: SOME OF THE 1000-ODD JUNKS AND SAMPANS WHICH CHINESE FISHERMEN, WITH THEIR FAMILIES, RECENTLY SAILED INTO THE INNER HARBOUR OF MACAO, IN THE FAR EASTERN PORTUGUESE PROVINCE BORDERING COMMUNIST TERRITORY.

NEW YORK CITY. A COPPER COMES A CROPPER: THE SCENE AS A MOUNTED POLICEMAN FELL FROM HIS HORSE AFTER IT HAD SLIPPED AS HUNDREDS OF IRISH PEOPLE WERE TAKING PART IN THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

NEW ZEALAND. NEARING COMPLETION: THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BRIDGE, THE CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH HAS BEEN THE BIGGEST BRIDGE-BUILDING OPERATION IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE FOR TWENTY YEARS. (THE FLOATING INTO POSITION OF A CENTRE SPAN WAS SHOWN IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 20.) (*Photograph: White's Aviation Ltd.*)

TIBET. A GENERAL VIEW OF LHASA, THE CAPITAL, SHOWING THE TOWERING POTALA PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA, THE TIBETAN SPIRITUAL LEADER.

Fighting near the Indian Consulate-General in Lhasa, between Tibetans and Chinese forces stationed in Tibet, was reliably reported on March 20. At the time of writing it was not known definitely whether the Dalai Lama was still safe.

A STUDY IN ESCAPISM.

" KENNETH GRAHAME, 1859-1932. A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, WORK AND TIMES." **By PETER GREEN.**

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

MR. PETER GREEN: AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Born in 1924, Mr. Green went to Cambridge, where he took a Double First in classics and won the Craven Scholarship and Studentship. He became a writer and journalist, and is now novel critic of *The Daily Telegraph*, as well as a frequent contributor to *The Times Literary Supplement*. He has also written a travel book and two historical novels.

THE present Speaker of the House of Commons, in a characteristically felicitous phrase, once referred to the type of Englishman " who looked back through the smoky tunnel of the last three generations to the green fields of his ancestors." Kenneth Grahame was certainly of the type that Mr. W. S. Morrison had in mind, and if his escapism took a somewhat exceptional form it was because he was a very exceptional man.

To what extent this outlook was natural to him, and to what it was due to his upbringing, can only be a matter for speculation: the author inclines to environment rather than to heredity. The child of a broken home, Grahame was the victim of a series of rebuffs during his earlier years, and of these the most severe was the refusal of his uncle to send him to Oxford University. According to Mr. Green, " This was the most crushing blow that Grahame suffered, perhaps, in his whole life; nothing else had such radical and far-reaching consequences." To make matters worse he was to go into banking, the prospect of which irked him still more, though in the end he rose to be Secretary of the Bank of England. He seems to have been fated to come into contact with unsympathetic people, and his wife, who was in her late thirties when they married, is depicted in these pages as singularly unattractive, while his only child, a son, was run over by a train and killed in circumstances which pointed to suicide though the verdict was one of accidental death.

KENNETH GRAHAME, AGED ABOUT SIXTY: FROM THE BIOGRAPHY BY PETER GREEN OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS."

All this drove him in on himself. Most thinking people are in some degree dual personalities, and this fact has often been seized upon in connection with Kenneth Grahame to explain his whole outlook on life. He is depicted as two entirely separate people—one the conventional senior official of the Bank of England and the other a dreamer " looking back to the green fields of his ancestors." This is an attractive theory, but it would appear to bear little relation to the fact. Mr. Green at any rate has no sympathy with such a view:

> A more misleading assumption could hardly be made. When a man spends nearly thirty years in a given profession it leaves its mark on him; and when he is appointed to one of its three highest offices while still under forty we cannot suppose that he treated it as nothing but a bread-and-butter chore. On the one hand, there was banking in Grahame's blood; and on the other, there was much about the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street that was calculated to appeal to the romantic side of his nature. To the spirit of finance, and the disfiguring urbanization it bred, he remained profoundly hostile; but the Bank itself, the visible manifestation of a great and ancient tradition, with its ritual, its liveries, its vaulted strong-rooms packed with gold—that was a different matter entirely.

Gibbon tells us that " the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers " was " not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire," and it is equally true that the official of the Bank of England played his part in moulding the character of the author of " The Golden Age " and " The Wind in the Willows." On the other hand, he never drew on his experiences in Threadneedle Street to the same extent that Trollope did on his at the Post Office, notably in " The Three Clerks."

Grahame's escapism led him from time to time into strange company, and it even made him an occasional contributor to " The Yellow Book." In the last decade of the nineteenth century there was a widespread reaction against the drab commercialism of the earlier Victorianism, and it took a variety of forms. There was what may be termed the Imperialist school of which Joseph Chamberlain was the leader, and W. E. Henley and Rudyard Kipling were the prophets in the literary field; then there were the æsthetes with Oscar Wilde at their head, whom Gilbert gently ridiculed in " Patience "; and, not far removed from them, the neo-pagans, of whose movement G. K. Chesterton wrote, " The New Paganism is no longer new, and it never at any time bore the smallest resemblance to Paganism." With all these groups Grahame was in touch to a greater or lesser extent, but he was more closely identified with W. E. Henley than with anybody else, and he contributed extensively to *The National Observer*. In due course there came the trial and condemnation of Wilde which shocked the country to the core, and, as the author puts it, " those who had dabbled innocently in these fashionable literary waters extricated themselves with some speed"; among them was Grahame.

It was about this time, too, that his political views may be said to have become stabilised. He was a Tory, rather than a Conservative; he believed in individual liberty, and he was more than a little suspicious of Big Business, but any threat to the established order and to the existing class system, particularly in the countryside, thoroughly alarmed him. His attitude, indeed, was not far removed from that of Richard Jefferies. Grahame's dislike of Socialism, it may be added, was not in any way diminished by an attack made on him in the Bank itself by a Socialist lunatic.

" THE RIVER-BANKERS," DETAIL FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. SHEPARD, SHOWING SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN KENNETH GRAHAME'S CELEBRATED " THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS ": AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF KENNETH GRAHAME REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The pictures from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. John Murray.

All the same it seems to me that Mr. Green reads more politics into " The Wind in the Willows " than the evidence justifies.

Examined from this point of view, the whole business of the Wild Wood and Toad Hall's capture takes on an unmistakable social symbolism. The Wild Wooders, stoats, weasels, and the rest, are clearly identified in Grahame's mind with the stunted, malevolent proletariat of contemporary upper-middle-class caricature. They have " little evil wedge-shaped faces . . . all fixing on him (Mole) glances of malice and hatred: all hard-eyed and evil and sharp." They are carefully contrasted with the rural community; and their main delight is to crow over a member of the privileged classes who has infringed his own social code. Toad's imprisonment gives them peculiar pleasure.

In the author's opinion Toad, who to some extent was modelled on Horatio Bottomley, stands for a figure who was already becoming increasingly prevalent, namely the landed *rentier* who was neglecting his responsibilities and was spending his money on riotous pleasure, with the result that he was an invaluable asset to the enemies of the existing order.

Mr. Green is fully entitled to his own interpretation, but surely to mention, as he does, the animals in " The Wind in the Willows " in the same breath as the Houyhnhyms and Yahoos in " Gulliver's Travels " is pushing the argument too far? Swift was one of the most bitter satirists to write in the English language, while Grahame was a kind poker of fun at developments and movements of which he disapproved. Hundreds of thousands of people must, like myself, have read " The Wind in the Willows " as a first-class tale—an essay in escapism from the world of reality—certainly, but not a political treatise.

On the other hand, it would be interesting to know how far Grahame contributed to what is usually described as " the traditional English love of animals " which in fact is not traditional at all, and is certainly no older than the Romantic Movement at the earliest—Mr. Green suggests that it "may well stem from the same muddled source, a mixture of evolutionary theory and natural pantheism." In Grahame it became symptomatic of his growing aversion to humanity, and the result is that he and his school have accustomed English people to regard animals as having almost the same outlook as themselves, and in the process the Nature-red-in-the-tooth-and-claw concept has been rejected. Whether this is a good or a bad thing is a matter of opinion.

However this may be, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the steady increase in the number of books which owe their inspiration to Grahame is due to the growing urbanisation of England, and it is a disturbing thought that there must be a very considerable number of English children to-day whose only knowledge of the countryside and its denizens is derived from such works.

In fine, this is an admirable piece of writing, but it would have been even better had Mr. Green allowed his learning to sit a little more lightly on him, and had he been able to resist the temptation to include in the text every scrap of information, apposite or inapposite, which he had collected during his preliminary researches.

* " Kenneth Grahame, 1859-1932. A Study of his Life, Work and Times." By Peter Green. Illustrated. (John Murray: £1 10s.)

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

VII. THE ORIGIN OF COMETS.

By ***R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S.,*** *Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

THE properties of comets are so different from those of planets that it is difficult to believe that any process that would produce the one family of objects could also produce the other. Certainly no even partially successful theory of the origin of the planets and satellites has achieved this. Moreover, the evolution and disruption of comets proceeds so fast by astronomical standards that it seems probable that comets are comparatively recent additions to the system: by recent would be meant within the past 1,000,000,000 years at very most. Cosmogonists of preceding generations, notably Jeans, found themselves unable to fit the comets into any comprehensive scheme, but the situation is different to-day, and a plausible explanation of the existence within the solar system of some quarter of a million comets—for that is how many there must be—with the probability of abundant additions at later times, has been developed in recent years.

The theory arises from the existence in space of huge tracts of interstellar dust, and the gravitational effects that the sun can produce when it passes through one of these clouds. The widespread existence of such dust clouds in the galaxy has only latterly been fully appreciated, so that the problem of investigating what happens when a star such as the sun passes through a cloud was not forced upon the attention of earlier astronomers as it is to-day. So vast are these clouds, that the sun might take a million years to pass through one on its 200,000,000 - year journey round the galaxy. Dark as they appear on photographs, this is only because we are there trying to look through the entire depth. If the solar system lay right inside such a cloud, the particles are so widely spaced, perhaps a mile or so apart with the average matter density extremely low, that no obscuration of the sun's light would occur, though obscuration of starlight would occur in the directions of greatest depth if the cloud were large enough. The average density of matter in these clouds is something like 10^{-24} gram per cubic centimetre—which means one gram of matter in a cube of side 600 miles!—but the individual particles as in any dust or smoke have ordinary densities, that is of the order of 1 gram per cubic centimetre. Huge numbers of these irregularly-shaped dust clouds, usually themselves embedded in gas clouds, exist in the galaxy with a general tendency for them to lie towards the galactic plane.

In the passage of the sun through one of these clouds, the sun can be thought of as at rest and the cloud as streaming by. The attraction of the sun affects all the particles, however distant, and tends to focus them into the axial line directly behind the sun. If this action took place perfectly accurately, the focussing would be exactly to a line, but there will be all sorts of minor deviations owing to slight differences in the velocities of the particles and even to perturbations by the planets themselves. So instead, the convergence is to a small volume in the shape of a long thin cylinder surrounding the axial line. When the sun first enters a cloud, there will be only a small probability of any particular one of these converging particles colliding with another, but there are so many of them that a proportion *must* do so. This will have the effect of leaving material at and near the axis, and this will increase the probability of further collisions for particles arriving subsequently. In this way a stream of particles is gradually built up surrounding the axis, and with a far higher density than in the original cloud, rising in fact to something like 10^{-12} gram per c.c.—an increase about billionfold from the cloud itself, but still quite low density.

It is to be noticed that in this process of stream-formation the sideways part of the motion of the particles as they converge to the stream is dissipated by collisions. It is this feature that enables the sun to convert the hyperbolic (escape) energies of the particles of the original cloud into elliptic (capture) speeds. To begin with, the stream will tend to flow away from the sun because every particle has some motion in that direction, but as the process settles down to a steady condition, it turns out that the inner part of the stream (which means out to a distance of several hundred astronomical units) is drawn inwards towards the sun and is therefore permanently captured, while the outer part flows away and escapes altogether into space. It is this inward-flowing stream that provides the source of the comets.

THE HORSE'S HEAD NEBULA IN ORION. THIS DARK NEBULA—ONE OF THE MANY DARK IRREGULARLY-SHAPED DUST CLOUDS IN OUR GALAXY—IS MANY MILLION MILLION MILES ACROSS. (PHOTOGRAPHED IN RED LIGHT WITH 200-IN. TELESCOPE.)

At the great distances from the sun of the outermost parts of the inflowing stream the density is sufficiently large for it to pull itself together lengthwise and form itself into clumps of loosely aggregated clouds of particles, but nevertheless billionfold more dense than the original cloud. It is these clumps that form the comets. The sort of masses they would have can be shown to be about 10^{18} grams—about one ten thousand millionth of the mass of the whole Earth—though considerable variation will occur from one to another because of the great instability of the whole process. During the passage of the sun through a single typical cloud, tens of thousands of these comets would form and fall in towards the sun. The great number of existing comets is explained by the fact that the sun must have passed through many such clouds during its history, and on each occasion there would result a similar vast addition to the number of comets gravitationally bound to the sun.

If the sun were the only attracting body in the solar system, it is plain from symmetry that these newly-formed comets would fall straight into it. But in the actual case there are two simple reasons why this does not happen. The first arises from the presence of the massive planets, particularly Jupiter and Saturn, because they can deflect the place towards which the comets are attracted when at great distance to a point well *outside* the sun, instead of to the exact centre. At its greatest distance, this point can get rather more than two solar radii away from the sun's centre. The effective centre of attraction of the system (sun and planets together) steadily moves about at a rate depending principally on the motion of Jupiter and Saturn, and the point is sometimes inside the sun and sometimes outside, but calculations show that it spends about two-thirds of the time *outside* the surface of the sun. For this reason a substantial proportion of the newly-formed comets will fall towards the sun in such a way as just to miss striking the surface and being straightway absorbed.

Eight or ten comets with motions of this kind have actually been observed, with paths that take them so close to the surface that they pass through the bright parts of the solar corona. They are termed *sungrazers* and they have all been large, brilliant long-period comets. There are a dozen or so others known coming nearly as close to the sun. The most recent examples of sungrazers were the great southern comet of 1887, and not long before that the great comet of 1882. This latter, by the way, after describing the perihelion side of its motion, during which it turns through nearly 180° in a matter of a few hours, broke up into at least five separate brilliant comets—the "string of pearls" it was called—which followed each other along practically the same path as separate receding comets. These will return several centuries hence at widely separated times as members of a comet "group," that is a set of comets moving in almost the same path but spaced out along it in time. Many such groups of comets have been discovered.

But second, the deflection of comets from paths directly into the sun must result from passing stars. It is to be remembered that these comets form initially at great distances in excess of 1000 astronomical units from the sun—this is why they have such long periods. Now although at the moment the nearest star is about 200,000 astronomical units away, every million years or so a star will pass much nearer the sun, within, say, about 10,000 astronomical units. A star passing at this distance, and it would take several thousand years to do so, could easily deflect comets moving at the aphelion ends of their orbits, where they not only spend most of their time but are very weakly bound to the sun and are moving quite slowly, so that the slightest change in their velocity produces an enormous effect later on when the comet gets near the sun again. All long-period comets would sooner or later be subject to such deflections, and some of them also to deflection by the planets, especially the massive Jupiter and Saturn, if they happened to pass fairly near one of them. These effects are of course cumulative randomly, so that gradually comets will be deflected into orbits of increased perihelion distance, for it is this that in effect is the measure of its sideways deflection by disturbances. The process will operate *one-way-only*, or appear to do so, because any comet deflected into a path of perihelion distance *less* than the sun's radius will immediately fall into the sun and cease to be a comet. On the other hand, it is just such occurrences that are needed to supply the sun with certain heavy elements required for its energy-generating processes, and this is the roundabout detailed mechanism by which the sun could ultimately capture such material from interstellar dust clouds.

According to this theory, the comets represent a class of objects formed in an entirely different way from the planets. Since every star will equally pass through dust clouds and thereby form its own comets, then if we except the small invisible meteorites and the meteors, which we have seen are but the constituent particles of comets anyway, it may be concluded that comets form the most numerous class of celestial objects in the universe, the ratio being of the order of a quarter of a million comets to every star!

THE COMETS: HOW RECENT THEORY ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR FORMATION FROM INTERSTELLAR DUST.

The comets of the solar system are estimated to number about a quarter of a million, and it seems likely that a similar number accompany other stars. From the explanation of the origin of comets described in this week's article it may be concluded that they are probably the most numerous class of celestial objects in the universe (apart from the small invisible meteors which themselves are the débris of comets). In spite of their great number, comets are seldom seen with the unaided eye, and this is because they spend so very little time near the Earth and sun when they can be seen—most of their long periods of 50,000 years being spent at the furthest parts of their highly elongated orbits which stretch out far beyond the remotest planet. According to recently developed theory, which is discussed by Dr. Lyttleton this week, comets are formed when the sun, in its 200,000,000-year journey round the galaxy, passes through the many vast tracts of sparsely distributed interstellar dust. When the sun passes through a dust cloud (which may take it a million years or so to do), its attraction on the dust produces denser swarms of particles in a stream behind the sun from which the comets originate. Some of the newly-formed comets would soon cease to exist, falling directly into the sun, but others survive owing to the sideways pull of the planets and of chance passing stars which enables them to set out on fantastically elongated orbits that just manage to keep outside the sun.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AN EARLY-FLOWERING SHRUB.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ANY shrub which flowers in the open air at this time of year is uncommonly valuable, especially if it is suitable for cutting for the house. The forsythias are well known and deservedly popular, and so, too, are the various "Japonicas" with their red, pink, or

"THAT ALMOST HARDY ORCHID, *PLEIONE PRICEII*": "I AM MOST HAPPY TO WELCOME . . . ANOTHER RECRUIT TO THE RANKS OF SUCCESSFUL PARLOUR-PLANTS."
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

white flowers. There is one shrub, however, which is far too little known and too seldom grown, yet which is not difficult to come by, and is at once hardy, and quite easy to grow. This is *Stachyurus præcox*, a native of Japan. I planted a specimen in my garden seven or eight years ago, and it is now a vigorous bush, 8 ft. tall, and flowering just now with the utmost profusion. It is planted in very stiff loam in which is much broken limestone, and is on the north side of a 5-ft. stone wall.

From spring until autumn stachyurus is a very ordinary-looking deciduous shrub, not unlike a bush peach, with dark instead of reddish twigs and branchlets. During the winter months the branches are thickly beset with innumerable small immature catkins, which in February grow to a length of about 3 ins. They are slightly curved, and, unlike most catkins, they are quite rigid. In calling them catkins I am not technically correct. They are racemes, but catkin gives perhaps a better idea to the unbotanical reader of what they look like. The individual blossoms are bell-shaped, in-curved bells like some heather, and their colour is amber with perhaps the very slightest wash of green in it. But don't let that wash of green mislead you. It is a really pleasant yellow, and sprays of stachyurus gathered for the house are delightful, and last uncommonly well. A curious thing about the pendant racemes of blossom of this shrub is that although they have all the appearance of dangling as flexibly as hazel catkins, they are, in fact, perfectly rigid and have a slight curve.

This stachyurus is a shrub which I strongly recommend to any gardener who can find room for a shrub which will fill a space 5 or 6 ft. through, and reach a height of 8 or 10 ft. My own specimen remained at a height of 6 or 8 ft. until last summer when it sent up a strong stem a good 10 ft. tall. Evidently it had got its roots down in something which suited it well.

Although I am no daffodil fan, I have one narcissus in my garden of which, for various reasons, I am very fond. This is the wild species *Narcissus pallidus præcox*. My original bulbs of it were given to me by the late Lady Strathmore, the mother of our Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and for that reason I value it very specially. Some years later I collected bulbs of *pallidus præcox* near Luchon, in the Pyrenees. It is a true trumpet daffodil with flowers of a charmingly soft yellow, almost sulphur yellow, a colour which makes a pleasant change from the somewhat brassy tone of the general run of daffodils.

I have been interested to notice how popular ivies have become as room plants in recent years. Certainly they have many virtues for that purpose, being well content with a sedentary indoor life. They are easy to propagate and to grow, and clean in their habits. And there are plenty of distinct varieties to choose from, with leaves large or small, plain or variegated, and in many varied shapes. A year or two ago I was given a cutting of a very small-leaved variety. Its leaves are three-pointed, one long slender central point, and two lesser side points. Most elegant. If it had its own way it would probably appreciate having something up which it could climb, but as it is, it sits in its pot at the extreme edge of a mahogany bureau, from which position its slender branches have spilled down to a length of about 18 ins.—and still going strong. It is, of course, quite unnatural for an ivy to trail down in this way. It would much prefer a nice church tower up which to go shinning.

One of the advantages of ivies as room plants is that they are not dependent upon strong light for their well-being. Friends of mine have an uncommonly prosperous ivy plant growing in a large living-room, in the corner farthest away from any direct light. It is planted in what appears to be a small copper window-box, standing on the floor, and it promises to form quite soon a delightful and most unusual wall covering. In the U.S.A. some twenty years ago I saw "English" ivy being grown as room plants in a great many private houses. In some cases there were yards and yards of it trained (I think on strings) up drawing-room walls.

A living-room plant which has just given me a pleasant surprise is that almost hardy orchid *Pleione priceii*. The plant, growing in a 5-in. pan of peaty soil, flowered well last year—relatively large mauve-pink flowers on shortish stems. All this winter it has sat on a north-facing window-sill in a living-room, looking alive, but no more. A huddle of fat, green, leafless pseudo-bulbs. Nothing could have looked less like ever flowering again. But suddenly, a day or two ago, a dozen glossy green shoots have pushed out, some of them looking fat and prosperous enough to produce flowers, and others looking as though they would produce leaves only. Ever since the plant flowered last year I had felt doubtful of its repeating the performance on its sunless window-sill. I felt that it almost certainly required the comforts of a cool greenhouse to enable it to flower. I am, therefore, most happy to welcome—and announce—another recruit to the ranks of successful parlour-plants. My *Pleione priceii* is growing in a pan of soil, half loam and half peat, and it gets watered with its window-sill companions, clivia, "geraniums," *i.e.*, pelargoniums, etc.

THE CATKIN-LIKE RACEMES OF *STACHYURUS PRÆCOX*. "THE INDIVIDUAL BLOSSOMS ARE BELL-SHAPED, IN-CURVED BELLS LIKE SOME HEATHER, AND THEIR COLOUR IS AMBER WITH PERHAPS THE VERY SLIGHTEST WASH OF GREEN IN IT."
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

RECALLING THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE CAVALRY HORSE: THE DRUM-HORSE *CRUSADER* ON PARADE AT TIDWORTH, BEING INSPECTED BY PRINCESS MARGARET WHEN H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTED A GUIDON TO THE QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.

Princess Margaret attended the parade at Tidworth when H.M. the Queen Mother recently presented a guidon to The Queen's Own Hussars. Another scene on this occasion is illustrated on pages 570 and 571. During her visit, Princess Margaret inspected *Crusader*, the drum-horse which she presented to the 3rd The King's Own Hussars, of which she was Colonel-in-Chief, shortly before their amalgamation last year to form The Queen's Own Hussars. The drum which can be seen is one of the two carried by *Crusader*, on which the 3rd The King's Own Hussars' battle honours are inscribed—in contrast with other regiments of Hussars and Lancers, whose honours have been carried on drum-cloths.

THE GUNS OF A MODERN CAVALRY REGIMENT: THE SCENE AT TIDWORTH RECENTLY WHEN H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTED A GUIDON TO THE QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.

At Tidworth, Wiltshire, on March 20, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, presented a guidon to The Queen's Own Hussars, of which her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. It was a notable occasion, for—as her Majesty said at the ceremony—the presentation marked the revival of a tradition which lapsed more than 100 years ago. Neither the 3rd The King's Own Hussars nor the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, from the amalgamation of which The Queen's Own Hussars was recently formed, have carried a guidon since the Napoleonic Wars. Guidons are flags with a swallow-tailed slit in the end and with rounded corners at the end away from the staff. The one presented to The Queen's Own Hussars bears the regimental crest in the centre and round this are embroidered the battle honours of the two regiments. Since 1834, guidons have only been carried by Dragoon regiments, although before then they had been carried by Lancers and Hussars. In the period after 1834, battle honours of Lancers and Hussars have been carried on drum-cloths, except for those of the 3rd The King's Own Hussars, which were inscribed on two silver drums. The day before the presentation at Tidworth, her Majesty the Queen had presented a guidon to the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers in the garden of Buckingham Palace—this ceremony being illustrated in our last issue. Princess Margaret was welcomed to the presentation at Tidworth as the former Colonel-in-Chief of the now-amalgamated 3rd The King's Own Hussars, while the Queen Mother was Colonel-in-Chief of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars. The guidon was consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Archdeacon V. J. Pike, and the parade was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel D. H. Davies.

A UNIQUE MOTHER GODDESS STATUE; A SISTRUM; A BULL STANDARD; AND "BOOTED" BRONZE TABLES, FROM EARLY BRONZE AGE ANATOLIA.

DR. TAHSIN OZGUC, Professor at the University of Ankara (who is best known for his work at the Karum of Kanesh, reported in our issues of December 18, 1948, January 14, 1950, and October 6, 1951), writes:

SOME objects found in 1954 at a place called Dere Mahallesi, a modern cemetery of the little town of Erbaa (Fig. 1), in Northern Anatolia, were sent to the Department of Antiquities at Ankara. Two years later I was passing through Erbaa, with my colleague, Mahmut Akok, on our way to Kultepe-Kanesh, and we investigated the site. It proved to be a flat settlement with an adjacent Early Bronze Age burial-ground outside the walls. With funds provided by the Turkish Historical Society and the University of Ankara, it was possible to start excavations in 1957. Horoztepe lies about 205 miles north-east of Ankara and the settlement is separated from the modern town by the River Inbat, which forms a deep wooded valley before entering the Yesilirmak plain. The 1957 excavations in the empty plots between the modern graves showed that Horoztepe had been inhabited only during the Chalcolithic and Early Bronze Ages. The site measures about 92 yards by 33 yards and the depth of deposit does not much exceed 6 ft. Although the extent and limits of the adjacent cemetery have not been determined, two tombs with rich and numerous grave goods were extracted. The first tomb, in good condition, had been cut into hard, red, pebbly, virgin soil. Orientated north-south, it measured nearly 28 ft. by 10 ft. and was 4 ft. 1 in. deep. No traces of stone lining or wooden roof beams were found. The body had been buried in the southern half with the head to the east and feet to the west. The richest group of offerings had been placed at the feet and consisted of bronze, gold, electrum and pottery, forming a shapeless heap of twisted and crushed objects. On top lay a large bronze table with four legs in the form of human legs, its top purposely folded together and the legs stretched out on either side (Figs. 5 and 6). Next to it, under and between the legs, lay a bronze fruit-stand, bowls, a beak-spouted jug, a second table like the first but smaller (Fig. 8) and a large bronze platter (Fig. 7)—like those which are used to this day in the Near East for baking bread—and this had been folded in half and contained several smaller vessels as well as the statue of a bull, the mother suckling her child and finally, a sun-disc. There were also fragments of the wooden poles or objects of various sizes which had been provided with metal casings or heads. Although decayed, a baldaquin and a sceptre could still be distinguished. Apart from the two statues, the baldaquin and the sceptre-head, all the objects had been crushed and made useless before deposition in the tomb. In other parts of the big tomb, smaller groups of objects had been deposited: a bronze mirror (Fig. 12), a bronze "teapot" with basket handle (Fig. 4), a sceptre-head consisting of a round knob with four birds on it (Fig. 16), bronze tops of wooden objects, silver tubular casings of the baldaquin, a silver ceremonial knife, a gold bracelet, parts of a necklace (Fig. 15), an electrum spindle (Fig. 13) with gold-covered ends, bronze castanets (Fig. 14), and pottery cups, plates and pots. It is now understood that the five bronze spear-heads, the lance-head, the shaft-hole axe (Fig. 3), the two statuettes of bulls, the deer statuette and the large sistrum discovered in 1954 by a gravedigger, all formed part of the same burial. [Continued below.

FIG. 1. A SKETCH MAP OF TURKEY TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF HOROZTEPE AND ALACAHUYUK.

FIG. 5. THE LARGER BRONZE TABLE (SEE FIG. 6) AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE TOMB, WITH THE TOP FOLDED TOGETHER AND THE "BOOTED" LEGS STRETCHED OUT FLAT.

FIG. 6. THE EXTRAORDINARY "BOOTED" BRONZE TABLE AFTER PARTIAL RESTORATION. THE TOP IS OVAL, THE GREATEST DIAMETER BEING 26⅜ INS. (67 CM.).

FIG. 9. A BRONZE STANDARD WITH A SUN-DISC SYMBOL AND A "SATELLITE." THE UPPER RIM IS WRAPPED WITH ELECTRUM. HEIGHT, 9⅝ INS. (24.5 CM.).

FIG. 10. UNIQUE IN ANATOLIA: A BRONZE SISTRUM. ON THE TOP A STAG IS PRECEDED BY SMALLER DEER; ON EACH SIDE ARE A LION AND TWO GOATS. HEIGHT, 9⅝ INS. (24.5 CM.).

FIG. 12. A CAST TWO-HANDLED BRONZE MIRROR WITH A DIAMETER OF 7⅞ INS. (20 CM.) AND AN INCH DEEP. IT WOULD BE FILLED WITH WATER FOR USE.

FIG. 13. A SPINDLE OF ELECTRUM, TIPPED WITH GOLD, ABOUT 6¼ INS. (16 CM.) LONG. UNIQUE FOR ANATOLIA.

FIG. 14. ONE OF A PAIR OF BRONZE CASTANETS FOUND IN THE TOMB. THE DIAMETER IS 2¾ INS. (7 CM.), THE WORKMANSHIP IS NEAT, THE DISC CENTRALLY DEPRESSED.

Continued.] A large part of the bronze objects had been cast, but others were hammered. One of the most important of the funerary gifts, the statue of a mother suckling her child (Fig. 17), measures 8 1/32 ins. (20.4 cm.). This is the first time a statue of this type has been found in Anatolia, being unique in type and size and dating from the last quarter of the Third Millennium B.C. At the time of the Assyrian colonies in Central Anatolia, we find representations of the chief goddess holding a baby to her breast, and this is clearly a case of this motif being handed on from the Third to the Second Millennium B.C. The statuette represents the chief female goddess of Anatolia who symbolises fertility and increase; and she has been worshipped in Anatolia throughout [*Continued above, centre.*

FIG. 2. BRONZE STATUETTES OF TWO BULLS AND A DEER. THE BULLS ARE PART LEAD AND ONE HAS A RING THROUGH THE NOSE.

FIG. 3. A CAREFULLY CAST BRONZE SHAFT-HOLE AXE WITH OVAL PERFORATION AND HAMMER-LIKE BLUNT END—FROM THE EARLY BRONZE AGE CEMETERY AT HOROZTEPE.

FIG. 4. A BRONZE "TEAPOT" CAULDRON WITH A BASKET HANDLE, MADE FROM A ROD WITH A HOOK AT EITHER END.

FIG. 7. A BRONZE PLATTER—LIKE THOSE STILL USED IN THE NEAR EAST FOR BREAD BAKING—FOUND FOLDED TOGETHER ON VARIOUS OBJECTS.

FIG. 8. A SMALLER BRONZE TABLE. THE "HUMAN-LIKE" LEGS WERE MADE IN ONE PIECE AND RIVETED TO THE TOP.

Continued.] the ages. The style of the Horoztepe statuette bears no relation to Mesopotamian art and no parallels can be found from Cis-Caucasian graves. Its style therefore is of local Anatolian origin. The bull's statue (Fig. 11) measures 13⅜ ins. (34 cm.) in length and 11 13/16 ins. (30 cm.) in height. Muzzle, horns, ears and tail are covered with electrum. The centre of the forehead also is inlaid with an electrum triangle. A fine realism is shown in the large horns (which seem more powerful from the masterly way in which they are bent), in the straight neck, the bones visible under the hide of the back and especially in the feet. The globular balls under the bull's feet fit into the four branches of the spurred pedestal; and the statue is therefore detachable. By the later Hittite period the bull was a sacred animal of a most powerful Anatolian god. This statuette from the tomb shows that the bull played an important part in religion in the Third Millennium also. The head and front part of one of the small bull statuettes and the back half of the other have lead over the bronze (Fig. 2). The mouth of the one whose head is lead-covered is indicated by a notch, and a wire passing through the long nostrils indicates the halter. Legs, feet and horns are realistically modelled. The deer's body, on the other hand (Fig. 2), is modelled without detail. At Alacahuyuk deer statues were found with bull statues, showing that there the two gods were of equal importance. This important feature of the Anatolian religion is now also found at Horoztepe, in North Anatolia, and the excavations at both sites show that at this time North and Central Anatolia shared the same beliefs. The bronze sistrum (Fig. 10) is unique in Anatolia. Three sides of the flat rod which forms its frame are studded with statuettes of animals. On top, three small (or female) deer are walking in front of a male and on either side there are two wild goats and a lion. Four metal plates fixed in pairs on two horizontal bars in the two compartments of the frame make a metallic noise when the sistrum is shaken. Apart from this ceremonial instrument (which was held in the hand), there was also a ceremonial standard, a sun-disc (Fig. 9), doubtless related to the sun-cult, which must have been carried on a long staff. The most important aspect of the finds at Horoztepe is that they have provided parallels for another Turkish excavation—that of the contemporary cemetery at Alacahuyuk (*The Illustrated London News* of July 21, 1945). Hitherto the Alacahuyuk graves were unique both in the type of burial and in the grave goods. The objects found at Horoztepe have also increased our knowledge of the religion and sculpture of the Early Bronze Age Anatolian population as well as explaining many of their customs and household objects. On the other hand, some of the objects found at Alacahuyuk do not exist at Horoztepe and *vice versa*. We believe that the offerings in the Royal tombs at Alacahuyuk were imported from the region of Samsun-Ordu-Tokat-Amasya, where such objects are common and varied. They were not local at Alacahuyuk but were imported from the great workshops of the north. The objects from Horoztepe (and others found in the same region) are contemporary with the latest tombs at Alacahuyuk, both in style and technique. We therefore propose 2100 B.C. as the earliest date for the two Horoztepe tombs. Possible resemblances between the Alacahuyuk objects and those from Sumer and the Caucasus and the indirect relationship between them have been carefully studied. The resemblances which exist in some of the jewellery, the arms and the bull and deer statuettes, have been correctly interpreted as the result of trade. Nevertheless, the objects from Alacahuyuk and now these from Horoztepe represent in every aspect a local Anatolian culture.

FIG. 11. THE SPLENDID REALISTIC BULL STANDARD, THE BULL BEING 13⅜ INS. (34 CM.) LONG. MUZZLE, HORNS, EARS AND TAIL ARE TIPPED WITH ELECTRUM.

FIG. 15. GOLD JEWELLERY. LEFT, A FLATTENED RING WITH AN INVISIBLE JOIN, WITH A DIAMETER OF ⅞ IN. (2.2 CM.); AND, RIGHT, A SMALL GOLD PENDANT.

FIG. 16. A SMALL BRONZE SCEPTRE HEAD NEARLY 2 INS. (5 CM.) HIGH. ON THE CIRCULAR TOP ARE PERCHED FOUR SIMILAR BIRDS.

FIG. 17. A UNIQUE FIND FROM THE ANATOLIA OF THE LATE THIRD MILLENNIUM, B.C.: A CAST STATUETTE, 8 1/32 INS. (20.4 CM.) HIGH, OF A MOTHER GODDESS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

EUROPEAN SCULPTURE AND A FAMOUS MS.: TWO BOOKS.*

ANTHOLOGIES, whether of poems or of visual works of art, can be at once stimulating or exasperating, according to one's mood of the moment. They can also be revealing as showing both the taste of the compiler and of his generation. They can be stimulating when they put before you something as yet outside your experience or reintroduce something you had forgotten; exasperating when they omit anything particularly dear to you.

Ideally they should be as great fun for their readers as for their compilers, and, as far as I am concerned, though I regret one or two omissions,

"ZEUS ABDUCTING GANYMEDE": A TERRACOTTA OF ABOUT 470 B.C. WHICH IS ONE OF THE SUBJECTS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN THE BOOK "MASTERPIECES OF EUROPEAN SCULPTURE" REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE BY FRANK DAVIS.

"Masterpieces of European Sculpture," with photographs by Martin Hürlimann and others, and a brief introductory essay by Eric Newton, is as well balanced and as stimulating as anyone has a right to expect. While it takes a bad photographer to take a bad photograph of a painting, you have to be very good to deal with sculpture; so much depends upon lighting and position. Occasionally, no doubt, some purists will complain that some of the photographs in this book are so dramatic that they tend to falsify the intentions of the sculptors; to which the answer is that sculpture changes its accent every hour as the light alters, and the photographer is fully justified in presenting any given work as he sees it at the moment. Examples are numerous—to take two only, the revealing light and shadow on the terracotta ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci—"The Virgin With the Laughing Child," and the detail of the head of Rodin's "*Age d'Airan*" seen through the curve of the arm. These photographs display subtleties in each of these well-known pieces which had escaped me previously.

The survey begins with one of the lions of the Sacred Way on the island of Delos, sixth century B.C., and ends with Henry Moore's "Family Group" of 1949. In between are 170 full-page plates, ten of them in colour, with brief notes which are general, factual and non-committal, occasionally balancing on a critical knife-edge, the anonymous writer apparently not being anxious to commit himself to an opinion. He appears, for example, unable to make up his mind about the worth of Degas' little ballerina bronze with the net skirt draped about her; the one illustrated is in the Bürhle Collection, in Zurich, and we, of course, have one here in the Tate Gallery which, to me, becomes more and more detestable every time I see it. Shown, as she is here, facing Maillol's "Three Nymphs," she looks more than usually shoddy, while—to consider for a moment a wholly different and more famous sculpture—the Laocoön, in the Vatican—one wonders how so contrived and boring a conception could ever have been described, as it was by Lessing, as the classic example of a perfect work of art.

But it is easy enough to pick holes in both the choice of subjects and in what is said about them, and grossly unfair to emphasise one's own prejudices as if that implied some fault on the part of the compiler. In sober truth this is a remarkable survey of the works of 2500 years, much of which, unless one has had all the leisure in the world and ample funds as well, can scarcely be considered familiar. One travels from Greece to Italy, from Lubeck to Paris, enjoying marvels all the way, and at the same time one is in a position to discover the most illuminating comparisons for oneself, and to raise a thousand queries as well; how extraordinary, for example, that as early as 1467 Nicholas Gerhaert, of Leyden, working at Strasbourg, should have sculpted so sensitive and so modern a self-portrait as the bust found near the Cathedral in 1793 after the iconoclasm of the Revolution (Plate 102), and how amazing the resemblance between the Notre Dame de Grâce of 1450, in Toulouse, in stone, and the charming gentle features of Madame Recamier as immortalised in terracotta by Joseph Chimard in 1795 (Plates 100 and 152).

A second volume from the same publishers reproduces in colour thirty-two of the ninety-four full-page illuminations of the magnificent fifteenth-century "Book of Hours," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, known as "*Les Belles Heures du Duc de Berry*," to distinguish them from "*Les Très Riches Heures*" painted for the same great patron of the arts and long since the chief treasure of the Chateau de Chantilly. A brief introduction by James Rorimer, Museum Director, and notes by Margaret Freeman, Curator of the Cloisters, provide adequate information as to provenance and quality of this exquisite survival.

The "Chantilly Book of Hours" is known to be the work of Pol de Limbourg and his two brothers, Herman and Jean, and perhaps certain colleagues; it was begun about 1413 and was still uncompleted at the time of the Duke's death in 1416. The "*Belles Heures*" seems to have been begun in 1410 and it was listed as a bound book in 1413. There is a close relationship in style between many of these illuminated pages and those in the Chantilly book, but no definite documentary evidence as to authorship, though there is evidence that Pol de Limbourg was employed at the court of the Duc de Berry by 1409. But though experts will no doubt continue to worry over this problem for many decades in the future, as they have on and off during the past half-century, readers will be content to allow the miniatures themselves to convey their own message without thought of the time factor. Here are simple-minded men who, gifted with exceptional sensibility, have illustrated the story of salvation and the lives of the saints in the most laborious and, at the same time, the most delicate of techniques.

The result is an extraordinary mixture of naïvety, of grace, of precise drawing, of touching piety, of downright deliberate charm, of enchanting colour and of gold. One is tempted to linger over each page as lovingly as its painter most obviously did. One notes all kinds of delicate details—the elongated figures of the shepherds with their hands over their eyes, dazzled by the angels above them. The three Magi doff their crowns in the presence of the Child in the stable.

Some of the paintings require a little explanation for those who are not familiar with the Lives of the Saints, and this is provided in the notes. There is the story of St. Catherine, of St. Bruno and the Grande Chartreuse—how he sets out and how the Bishop of Grenoble dreamed of a valley in the French mountains named the Chartreuse—and there is the good Bishop in a

NEARLY 2500 YEARS LATER THAN THE OTHER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE: "FAMILY GROUP," BY HENRY MOORE, FROM THE BOOK "MASTERPIECES OF EUROPEAN SCULPTURE."

The pictures from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Thames and Hudson.

great bed covered by an orange-crimson counterpane and wearing his mitre so that there can be no mistake as to his identity. Then comes St. Jerome, his temptations—the devil tempts him with two very handsome young women—and his Lion, from whose foot he takes a thorn; next the story of Anthony and Paul the Hermit (from the Golden Legend) with the Red Sea, as so often in mediæval manuscripts, literally red—and finally, after many others, the Duchesse de Berry (the Duke's second wife, whom he married in 1389), and the Duke himself. The very last illustration in the manuscript, next to a prayer for safety while travelling, shows several mounted figures by a castle, one of whom is thought to be also a portrait of the Duke.

Obviously, these very precious originals, so marvellously preserved over so many centuries from the innumerable hazards of indifference and war, cannot be studied by more than a very few. This production, though not, of course, perfect, goes a long way towards bringing them very close to all of us—and not merely the artists and their paintings, but a whole way of life and thought in a luxurious court.

* "Masterpieces of European Sculpture." Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £3 3s.)

* "*Les Belles Heures du Duc de Berry*." Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £2 2s.)

THE CENTENARY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.

A WATER-COLOUR OF 1885 SHOWING HOW THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND USED TO PLACE ALL ITS ACQUISITIONS ON ITS WALLS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: W. H. PLAYFAIR'S IONIC BUILDING IN ITS NOBLE SETTING ON THE MOUND, EDINBURGH. THIS YEAR IS THE CENTENARY OF ITS FOUNDATION.

IN CONTRAST TO THE WATER-COLOUR SHOWN ON THIS PAGE: THE WALLS AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY WITH ONLY THE BEST WORKS ON VIEW. THE OTHERS ARE STORED ON SLIDING SCREENS, AVAILABLE FOR INSPECTION.

"THE BANKS OF A RIVER," BY JACOB RUISDAEL (c. 1630-1682): THE FINEST OF THE PAINTINGS THAT WERE BEQUEATHED TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BY SIR JAMES ERSKINE OF TORRIE, AND DEPOSITED IN THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND. (Size: 53 by 76 ins.)

"AN OLD WOMAN COOKING EGGS," BY VELASQUEZ (1599-1660): ONE OF THE GALLERY'S MOST IMPORTANT ACQUISITIONS OF THE LAST FEW YEARS. (Size: 39 by 46 ins.)

"THE FINDING OF MOSES," BY G. B. TIEPOLO (1696-1770): ONE OF THE PAINTINGS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL INSTITUTION AND IN THE ORIGINAL DISPLAY IN 1859: STILL ONE OF THE GALLERY'S OUTSTANDING PICTURES. (Size: 78 by 134 ins.)

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY JACOPO BASSANO (1510-1592): ORIGINALLY ASCRIBED TO TITIAN, THIS SUPERB MASTERPIECE WAS ONE OF THE VERY FEW OLD MASTERS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. (Size: 72 by 93 ins.)

The National Gallery of Scotland, The Mound, Edinburgh, first opened its doors to the public 100 years ago; on March 22, 1859. On its opening the Gallery contained 331 pictures and sculptures, which came from three main sources: the Royal Institute Collection which had been gathered over the previous thirty years as an encouragement to Scottish Fine Arts; the collection of Sir James Erskine of Torrie which he bequeathed to Edinburgh University; and the collection mainly of Scottish paintings contributed by the Royal Scottish Academy. Since 1906 the Gallery has received a regular purchase grant, now raised to £15,000 annually: the fine Velasquez illustrated on this page is one of the most important acquisitions of the last few years. The Gallery has long since abandoned its original policy, illustrated by the water-colour reproduced here, of hanging all its possessions at once. It now stores many works on sliding screens, which are available for inspection on enquiry. Only the Gallery's finest paintings hang on its walls.

REARED IN CAPTIVITY FOR THE FIRST TIME: CHICKS OF THE "EXTINCT" NEW ZEALAND TAKAHE.

THE 3-IN.-LONG EGG OF THE TAKAHE, THE FLIGHTLESS AND ALMOST EXTINCT BIRD OF THE RAIL FAMILY. (*Published in our issue of May 27, 1950.*)

A YEAR-OLD TAKAHE (*NOTORNIS HOCHSTETTERI*), PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS HIGH SCRUBLAND NATURAL HABITAT IN THE SOUTHERN ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND. (*Published in our issue of July 25, 1953.*)

A DEVICE FOR CATCHING BLOWFLIES, THE FAVOURITE FOOD OF THE TAKAHE CHICKS NOW BEING REARED IN CAPTIVITY, NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

OUTSIDE ITS TENTED HOME, WHERE IT IS BEING SUCCESSFULLY REARED IN CAPTIVITY: ONE OF THE THREE TAKAHE CHICKS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT EIGHT WEEKS OLD.

OBTAINING THE WEIGHT OF ONE OF THE THREE SURVIVING CHICKS: MR. G. R. WILLIAMS, A NEW ZEALAND BIOLOGIST, USES A CLOTH BAG.

ENTIRELY TAME AND ALWAYS HUNGRY: A TAKAHE CHICK PICKS UP GRAINS OF FOOD FROM A PALM OF THE HAND WITH ITS POWERFUL BEAK.

POSING UNAFRAID AND FULL OF BLOWFLIES SIX WEEKS AFTER THEIR CAPTURE FROM A REMOTE NEW ZEALAND VALLEY: THE SURVIVING TAKAHE CHICKS.

It is now over ten years since the Takahe (*Notornis Hochstetteri*), a New Zealand bird of the Rail family, long thought to be extinct, was rediscovered in a remote valley by an uncharted lake in the Southern Island of New Zealand. Since December 1948, *The Illustrated London News* has published a number of photographs of the bird in its natural habitat. Now, as a number of photographs on this page show, three Takahe chicks are successfully being reared in captivity. In November 1958 four two-week-old chicks were captured in Takahe Valley, Fiordland, Southern Island, and brought 100 miles to a farm outside Wellington. During the journey they were cared for by a specially-trained bantam foster-mother, who continued to look after them until one of the chicks, searching for food in its guardian's head-feathers, removed half her comb with its powerful beak.

Photographs of the Takahe in captivity, reproduced by permission of "The Evening Post," Wellington, N.Z.

GLUTTONS FOR SPONGE-CAKE AND BLOWFLIES: THE CAPTIVE TAKAHE CHICKS.

WITH ENORMOUS LEGS AS THICK AS A MAN'S THUMB, THE CAPTIVE TAKAHE CHICKS NOW BEING REARED IN NEW ZEALAND HAVE A PASSION FOR EATING AND BATHING.

TAKAHE CHICKS HAVE A HABIT OF ENTERING THE WATER TAIL-FIRST, AND THEN ROLLING ON TO THEIR BACKS WITH A DELIGHTED SQUEAL.

USING THEIR HUGE FEET AND HEAVY BEAKS, THE THREE TAKAHE CHICKS RUMMAGE FOR FOOD: THEIR FAVOURITE OCCUPATION.

EIGHT WEEKS OLD AND SIX WEEKS IN CAPTIVITY: THIS SOLITARY CHICK, RESTING AFTER A DINNER OF BLOWFLIES, HAS NO FEAR OF THE CAMERA.

WITH ITS LEGS AND FEET ALMOST AS LARGE AS A MAN'S HAND, A TAKAHE CHICK PHOTOGRAPHED IN CAPTIVITY AT TWO WEEKS OLD. (*Photograph by Dr. G. B. Orbell.*)

Now protected by the Wild Life Branch of the New Zealand Internal Affairs Department, these three Takahe chicks are being successfully reared in captivity. One of the purposes of the experiment is to insure against the possible extinction of the Takahe in its wild state, where rather fewer than fifty specimens now exist in a remote New Zealand valley. Mr. G. R. Williams, a biologist, has said: "A fire lit at the end of the valley . . . could wipe out the entire species." At present the three surviving chicks are living perfectly happily in an enclosure, being fed on their favourite dish—blowflies. The birds' enormous appetite is one of the reasons for their scarcity, since only valleys of exceptionally rich vegetation can support them. It is hoped that if this present experiment proves a complete success it will be possible to introduce the Takahe to some of the parklands of New Zealand.

Photographs of the Takahe, with the exception of that taken by Dr. G. B. Orbell, reproduced by permission of "The Evening Post," Wellington, N.Z.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SKILLED RODENT PORTERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME years ago I received a letter in which the writer gave details of an observation on rats. He (or she) told of seeing a rat lead its youngsters to the foot of a post on which was a bird-table. Then the parent rat climbed the post on to the table, pushed the bread lying on the table over the edge so that it fell to the ground, where the young rats started to eat it.

This story impressed me sufficiently that I can remember the details, although I have probably lost the letter. Yet although it impressed me, I felt just a little nervous about accepting it. Now, in the current number of *The Countryman*, a correspondent tells of seeing two rats climb the almost perpendicular trunk of a leafless apple-tree, carrying late fruit, and going out along the branches to where, 7 to 8 ft. above the ground, they bit through the stalks, sending the apples tumbling to the grass below. After a dozen apples had fallen, a family of young rats was seen in the grass scurrying after the apples.

A YELLOW-NECKED MOUSE SURPRISED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER SITTING ON AN APPLE IN A CELLAR. APPLES OF THIS SIZE WERE MOVED EITHER ACCIDENTALLY OR DELIBERATELY SOME FEET, FROM THE RACK TO THE FLOOR, AND THEN ACROSS THE FLOOR.

Now for an extract from a letter written by Captain H. R. H. Vaughan, R.N.:

A strange discovery in the cellar this afternoon. Upon the fifth step of a flight, counting from ground upwards, I found a partly eaten apple. The tooth-marks were those of a small animal, not human. The particular heap of apples from which this must have come is 5 yards away across the floor and then on a rack $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. But, of course, this individual apple might well have fallen to the ground from the rack. After being moved across the floor it was first lifted up a step of 9 ins. and then four more of 8 ins. All are concrete and quite flat-sided and smooth. Who did it? About ten days ago I found on the second step a straw bottle wrapper, about a foot long, that "somebody" had moved there from an empty wine-case about 3 ft. away. That had puzzled me but the apple seems an even more difficult job. I remember your articles about the rats and the eggs. I cannot find—at least, I have not yet found—any rat droppings in the cellar. The apple in question is a conical-shaped russet type, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. vertical section and about the same in greatest diameter. The stone steps lead nowhere, having been blanked off years ago.

TRANSPORTED BY YELLOW-NECKED MICE: SHELLS OF WALNUTS, FILBERTS AND HAZELS LYING UNDER FLOORBOARDS WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT OVER LONG DISTANCES WITH INCREDIBLE DIFFICULTY: AN INSTANCE OF THE PERSEVERANCE OF RODENTS, DISCUSSED HERE BY DR. BURTON. (*Photographs by Jane Burton.*)

About the same time that Captain Vaughan was seeing these things in his cellar I was noticing apples being moved in my own, but there was nothing so clear-cut. I merely found large apples on the floor, which may or may not have been pushed from the shelves, but I suspect some were carried down. Live-traps were set and three yellow-necked mice were caught.

Upstairs in my house, also, I was investigating another series. In the attic rooms the floorboards had been taken up to lay new electric cable. In one corner of an attic was a pile of dried grass containing a nest, of the kind field-mice make. Everywhere under the floorboards were the shells of walnuts, filberts and hazelnuts. It was clear these had been transported up from ground-level by way of the hollow walls, and that the entrance to the attic floors was by the nest. Many of the shells were 30 ft. or more from that point. Under the floorboards was a packing of sound-resisting material, and whatever carried the nuts about beneath the floorboards would have been compelled to squeeze through grooves cut in the joists where the old electric cables were laid. In short, the walnuts had been taken through openings which only just allowed of their passage.

Before I took the house it had stood vacant for more than a year. Judging from the appearance of the shells, the nuts were probably brought in during that time. If so, they were gathered from under trees in the garden, and this would mean a journey of up to 140 yards, before climbing 30 ft. within the hollow walls and then a difficult 30 ft. under the floor. If the mice had stolen from nuts stored in the house the journey would have been shorter, but, if anything, more difficult. I can make these assertions confidently after having weighed up the possibilities carefully.

There seems to be a positive mania among some rodents for transporting and hoarding, and the yellow-neck is especially given to it. Agnes H. Neave writes from British Columbia some notes about pack-rats which are even more addicted:

Each morning there was a little pile of large nails on the bottom step of the staircase. As the workers, who were doing the carpentering, went up the stairs to work during the day, they would pick up the nails, carry them up and put them in a box. Back the nails would come, or more like them, ready to be carried up again the next day. One day a screwdriver and a spanner were missing. We never did find them . . . Before the road came in this district there were cabins at intervals built by trappers which were left open so that anyone could stay for the night. An old-timer friend tells how he and a friend stayed in one of the cabins for a night. When it was dark one of them placed a lighted candle on a rough board halfway up the wall. The men were enjoying a smoke when the candle started to move upwards towards the ceiling. The men were fascinated for a moment, then they jumped up and grabbed for the candle which the pack-rat dropped as he scuttled off for the safety of the roof.

The letter also tells of a wallet missing overnight and found in the toe of a high riding-boot, and of a paper bag containing white beans, on a shelf. Later, the bag was found to be empty, but there were "beans in the shoes upstairs, also inside boots and shoes in the attic which had been hung on a wire line across the attic so that pack-rats couldn't get them." And in a bedroom, under a pillow, twenty small dog biscuits, while "inside the pyjama pants in a neat pile were ninety-eight more biscuits. These had been carried from a box kept in a leanto at the back of the store, which meant that the pack-rat, with probably the help of some friends, had carried the biscuits up on to a leanto roof, along the ridge of the store, and then up a few feet into the bedroom window and into the bed."

These are more than amusing stories. They are a few examples only of the feats small rodents can perform under the impulse to transport and hoard. The pack-rats of North America have carried this to extremes, but the tangible evidence we have shows that field-mice as well as brown rats (possibly also black rats) are imbued with much the same impulses, although not carrying them as far as the pack-rat does. The rodents are, however, seldom seen in the act of carrying these bulky materials, largely because they work at night, and we are left to speculate on how they do it. Do they use the mouth, or the mouth and forelegs, to carry large objects, or do they act in concert? Can rodents act in a purposive way? That is where the two incidents, at the bird-table and in the apple-tree, have a significance. If these do not show purposiveness, then nothing does. I believe if all the eye-witness stories of pack-rats, house rats and field-mice could be brought together they would be quite astonishing, almost incredible, like the story of two rats carrying an egg, with one lying on its back holding the egg and the other dragging it along by its tail.

Captain Vaughan's remark, in his letter quoted earlier, refers to the occasion when I dealt with this story on this page on September 20, 1952. Then, I brought together what seemed to me reliable evidence suggesting that the story might be true, in spite of its apparent improbability. Subsequently, in 1955, I published a book, *Animal Legends*, in one chapter of which I brought together other eye-witness stories supporting the story.

I am not prepared to say whether it is true that two rats will on occasion combine in this quite remarkable way to transport an egg which one of them, on its own, could not carry away, owing to the obstacles they have to surmount. I can only say this, that at that time, four years ago, I had pheasants in an enclosure. Two sides were of wire-netting and two sides were formed by a dry wall of stone 5 ft. high. Rats burrowed through the wall near its base, to take the pheasants' food. On various occasions we put an egg into the aviary, on the ground, care being taken that the scent of human hands should not be on the egg. None of these eggs was ever taken.

During this same time, two of the hen pheasants laid large clutches of eggs among the vegetation growing on top of the wall. A good dozen of their eggs disappeared before the hatching. The pheasants themselves may have eaten them, which is unlikely, and there is the more reason to suspect the rats since, later, pheasant chicks steadily disappeared. Yet in spite of close watching we never once saw the rats at work, although we often saw them in the enclosure. In view of the topography of the wall, and the position of the rats' holes in relation to the nests, if the rats took the eggs they either ate them *in situ* without leaving the minutest trace or they used unorthodox methods to transport them.

Whether the old story is true or not, the more I learn of the way rodents will move large objects over a distance the more I wonder.

SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK. PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

A GREAT OXFORD LIBRARIAN: THE LATE SIR E. CRASTER.
Sir Edmund Craster, who died on March 21 at the age of seventy-nine, was Bodley's Librarian from 1931 until 1945. An outstanding scholar, he became a Fellow of All Souls in 1903, Sub-Librarian in 1912, and Keeper of Western Manuscripts in 1927. A stone corbel in the Old Bodleian quadrangle is carved with his portrait.

DEATH OF AN OUTSTANDING SUDANESE MUSLIM LEADER.
Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el-Mahdi, leader of the Ansar sect of Muslims in the Sudan, died on March 24, aged seventy-three. Son of the Mahdi who led the 1882 revolt, he had been one of the leading figures in the country for fifty years, a friend to Great Britain and a champion of Sudanese independence.

APPOINTED A LORD OF APPEAL: LORD JUSTICE JENKINS.
Lord Justice Jenkins, who is fifty-nine, has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. He takes the place of Lord Morton of Henryton, who retires this month. Called to the Bar in 1923, Lord Justice Jenkins became a K.C. in 1938. He is a distinguished member of the Council of Law Reporting, and has done much to encourage a high standard for the *Law Reports*.

AIRCRAFT DESIGNER AND ENGINEER: THE LATE MR. J. BRODIE.
Mr. John Brodie, engineering director of the de Havilland Engineering Co. since its formation in 1944, died on March 23. For a great part of his life he was closely associated with the late Major F. B. Halford, the outstanding aero-engine designer, under whom he was chief assistant designer for de Havilland's until 1940.

CANADA'S NEW MOUNTED POLICE CHIEF: MR. C. RIVETT-CARNAC.
Mr. Charles Rivett-Carnac has been appointed Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in succession to Colonel L. H. Nicholson, who resigned recently. Born in England, he has served with the force for 35 years, was on retirement leave when offered the post and due to leave in July. His appointment was acclaimed in Ottawa.

(Left.)
TO BE CHIEF OF AIR STAFF: AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR T. PIKE.
Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, is to succeed Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle as Chief of the Air Staff on January 1 next year. Aged fifty-two, he was for three years Deputy Chief of the Air Staff before receiving his present appointment in 1956.

MR. JUSTICE DEVLIN.

SIR JOHN URE PRIMROSE.

(Right.)
RETIREMENT FROM CAPITAL CONTROL: LORD KENNET.
On attaining the age of eighty, Lord Kennet has retired from the Chairmanship and Membership of the Capital Issues Committee. He has been concerned with the control of capital issues since the Committee, a Government advisory body, was formed under a different name in 1936. He has been Chairman since 1939.

(Right.)
A FIGHTER COMMAND POST: AIR VICE-MARSHAL McGREGOR.
Air Vice-Marshal H. D. McGregor is to become Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, from Aug. 1, with the acting rank of Air Marshal. Since March 1957 Air Vice-Marshal McGregor has been Director of Air Defence at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe.
Portrait: S.H.A.P.E.

SIR PERCY WYN-HARRIS.

MR. EDGAR WILLIAMS.

A COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY FOR NYASALAND: FOUR MEMBERS APPOINTED.
A Committee of Inquiry has been appointed "to inquire into the recent disturbances in Nyasaland." The Chairman is Mr. Justice Devlin, a High Court Judge: the other three are: Sir John Ure Primrose, a former Lord Provost of Perth; Sir Percy Wyn-Harris, a former Governor of Gambia; and Mr. Edgar Williams, Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford.

(Left.)
RELEASED FROM INDONESIA: MR. H. SCHMIDT.
After more than five years of imprisonment in Indonesia on a charge of illegal activity, Mr. Henricus Schmidt, a former Dutch Army captain, has been released and has flown to London on his way to Holland. After 5 years alone in a compound 20 yards square, he described his trial as "100 per cent. wrong."

A NOTABLE BADMINTON PERFORMANCE: MISS H. M. WARD.
Miss Heather Ward became the first Englishwoman to win the All England Badminton singles title for twenty years, when she defeated the American title-holder, Miss Judy Devlin, in the championships at Wembley on March 21. Miss Ward, who has an international reputation in the game, won a skilful and confident victory. Placing her attacking shots accurately, she won 11—7, 3—11, 11—4.

THE SUCCESSFUL LABOUR CANDIDATE IN SOUTH-WEST NORFOLK: MR. HILTON.
Mr. Albert Hilton has held South-West Norfolk for Labour, by defeating the Conservative candidate, Mrs. Elaine Kellett, by 1354 votes. The by-election was caused by tne sudden death of Mr. Sidney Dye, who at the General Election gained a majority of 193. Mr. Hilton, a Metnodist, is an area organiser of the National Union of Agricultural Workers.

THE MALDIVIAN IMBROGLIO: MAJOR PHILLIPS, SERVING WITH THE R.A.F.
In the course of the recent troubled negotiations in Colombo over the building of an R.A.F. staging post at Gan, Maldive Islands, the Maldivian Government have accused Major Phillips, serving with the R.A.F. at Gan, of responsibility for a revolt in part of the Maldives and have demanded his removal. The British Government categorically denied the charge.

PERFORMED THE BRAVEST DEED OF 1958: LIEUTENANT J. N. HALL.
The Royal Humane Society has awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal to Lieutenant John Hall, Royal Navy, for the bravest deed of 1958. Lieutenant Hall jumped fully clothed into a stormy sea off Italy, and saved the life of an eleven-year-old boy, Ben Laycock, who had fallen overboard. Lieutenant Hall is not a strong swimmer. The boy was the son of Malta's Governor, Sir Robert Laycock.

FROM A CAVE TRAGEDY TO MISSILE TESTS: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS EVENTS.

NEIL MOSS, THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE, AGED TWENTY, WHO DIED ON MARCH 24 AFTER BEING TRAPPED IN PEAK CAVERN, AT CASTLETON, DERBYSHIRE.

JUNE BAILEY, AGED EIGHTEEN, WHOSE SMALL SIZE AND WEIGHT HELPED HER TO GET NEAR THE TRAPPED MAN DURING RESCUE OPERATIONS IN PEAK CAVERN.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT JOHN CARTER, AN R.A.F. DOCTOR, AFTER SPENDING MANY HOURS IN THE CAVERN PLAYING AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE RESCUE ATTEMPT.

DURING THE EARLY STAGE OF THE RESCUE BID: RESCUE WORKERS LEAVING AFTER SPENDING THE FIRST NIGHT IN PEAK CAVERN AFTER MR. MOSS WAS TRAPPED.

DEEP INSIDE THE CAVERN: A SCENE DURING THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO RESCUE NEIL MOSS.
Neil Moss, a twenty-year-old undergraduate of Oxford University, died on March 24 after being trapped deep underground in the Peak Cavern, Castleton, Derbyshire, for two days. He had been exploring the cave with the Sheffield group of the British Speleological Association. Many rescue workers made unceasing efforts to save him, and just before his death an appeal for further rescue workers had been made.

TESTING A *THUNDERBIRD* AT ENGLISH ELECTRIC'S WORKS AT STEVENAGE, HERTS. AFTER BEING FROZEN LIKE THIS EVERY COMPONENT WAS IN WORKING ORDER.

FREEZING A *SEASLUG*: ANOTHER MISSILE TEST TO ENSURE THAT ITS COMPONENTS ARE RELIABLE, EVEN UNDER EXTREME CONDITIONS. THE MISSILE IS BEING SUBJECTED ALSO TO VARIOUS OTHER TESTS.
Tests are being carried out on the *Thunderbird* ground-to-air and the *Seaslug* ship-to-air missiles. Here they are seen during freezing tests—the *Seaslug* at an Armstrong Whitworth refrigeration chamber at Coventry. Other tests simulate dust storms, heavy rainstorms and sea spray.

TIBET: THE DALAI LAMA AND CHINA'S PUPPET, THE PANCHEN LAMA, IN LHASA.

THE DALAI LAMA, TIBET'S SPIRITUAL LEADER, SPEAKING AT THE PREPARATORY COMMITTEE FOR THE TIBETAN AUTONOMOUS REGION, AT LHASA IN 1956.

ADMIRING A FOUNTAIN IN THE NORBU LINGKA PARK: (R. TO L.) THE DALAI LAMA (IN GLASSES), THE PANCHEN LAMA, CHEN YI (NOW CHINESE FOREIGN MINISTER) AND WANG FENG.

TIBETAN OFFICIALS AT THE PREPARATORY COMMITTEE MEETING—WHEN AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT AT AN AGREEMENT ON TIBETAN AND CHINESE METHODS WAS MADE.

THE DALAI LAMA (LEFT) WITH THE PANCHEN LAMA, WHOM THE CHINESE ON MARCH 28 APPOINTED TO TAKE OVER THE DALAI LAMA'S DUTIES AS LEADER OF TIBET.

WHEN THE PEKING DELEGATION VISITED LHASA IN 1957: THE PANCHEN LAMA STANDS FOR A SPEECH OF WELCOME. THE DALAI LAMA (SECOND FROM LEFT) APPLAUDS.

THE varied and confused reports of fighting in Lhasa and of uprisings in Tibet generally, which appeared to begin about March 10, came to something of a head on March 25, when it was learnt that the Kashag, the Supreme Tibetan Cabinet, had unanimously denounced the 17-point treaty with China, had proclaimed Tibet to be independent and had called on the Chinese occupation forces to withdraw. On March 28 the Chinese Government issued a statement that the Tibetan Army and rebellious elements had launched an attack against the Chinese garrison in Lhasa, that these insurgents had the Dalai Lama "under duress," and that the Chinese "liberation army" had completely smashed the rebels on March 22. The Tibet Government was dissolved and its functions transferred to "the preparatory committee for the Tibetan autonomous region," with the Panchen Lama acting as chairman while the Dalai Lama should remain "under duress."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GUNPOWDER PLOTS

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT was Leigh Hunt that called a farce "an unambitious, undignified, and most unworthy compilation of pun, equivoque, and claptrap." Somehow there has always been this trick of looking down at farce from a great height, of regarding it as a child of the theatre that must be humoured, sometimes petted, frequently spanked, but seldom regarded as more than a fluttering moth. Personally, I can always enjoy farce so long as it does not descend merely to Crazy Gang bashing. In Britain we have had at least two major practitioners—the young Pinero, and, still most happily with us, Ben Travers. In their plays gunpowder runs from every heel. I hold that at a Court Theatre farce (period 1880s) or at an Aldwych farce of our time, even Leigh Hunt must have smiled.

Just lately we have had three consecutive nights of gunpowder-plotting: one play devised by Georges Feydeau, French old master of intricate idiocy, one by Pinero that achieves National Theatre status in a production at the Old Vic, and one average West End comedy that goes over the border to farce and, by its very thinness, emphasised the richness and comic fantasy of the Pinero on the following night.

A SCENE FROM GEORGES FEYDEAU'S FARCE "LE DINDON," THE FIRST OF THE PLAYS PRESENTED DURING THE THREE-WEEK SEASON OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE AT THE PRINCES THEATRE. (FIRST NIGHT, MARCH 16.) In the photograph are, left to right, Clotilde Pontagnac (Yvonne Gaudeau), Lucienne Vatelin (Micheline Boudet), Vatelin (Jean Meyer), the first Official (J. L. Le Goff), Pontagnac (Jacques Charon), Gérome (Georges Baconnet), and Redillon (Robert Hirsch).

Let me begin with "The Magistrate." It is forgotten sometimes that Pinero was a great one for those "admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries" of farce. It has surprised me that anyone with his sense of humour could have written such a phrase as that in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when Ardale, at the window, observes to Ellean, "Isn't this fun! A rabbit ran across my foot when I was hiding behind that old yew." It seems that another man must have written this, not the dramatist with the joy in phrase and idiosyncrasy we meet in "The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," and my still unblurred favourite, "The Schoolmistress." It is here that somebody, blundering from a darkened hall with a head beneath her arm, murmurs: "It is an embarrassing thing to break a bust in the house of comparative strangers."

Our old problem, that of the personal feeling for humour, rises now. I was explaining a fortnight ago why I do not like the Crazy Gang. Many people will explain to me why they do not like farce. It needs a particular twist of the mind to appreciate the sort of invention that caused Solinus, in "The Comedy of Errors," to exclaim, "What an intricate impeach is this!" If you are of a serious turn, you may refuse to combine with the author of a farce. You may ask yourself whether such-and-such a thing could happen, whether, indeed, the entire plot has any cause to exist at all. Once get in that frame, and you will be lost when the piece begins to caper at the end of the first act, and, according to plan, thrusts into a mad fandango during the second.

Still, if you are a true lover of farce, one-half of your mind is observing, while you laugh, the craft with which the dramatist has composed his piece, and the visual cunning with which it has been written: the manner in which lines that sit like dough on the page can flash like searchlights in performance. One of these days I shall hope to meet "The Schoolmistress" again: it was done shockingly on its last appearance in the West End, though I applauded the performance of the fireman ready even in mid-blaze to commend his colleague's wit: "You 'll find Mr. Goff's reminiscences well worth hearing."

Let me say swiftly that "The Magistrate" at the Old Vic is well worth hearing. I love the old play ("How come nuts in the drawing-room?"), and I did not find that the night dragged, though some of my colleagues felt that the first and third acts moved too slowly. It was clear to me that the piece would have been far quicker in a night or so, and one had in any event to make allowances for the sudden odd remoteness of the Old Vic stage. We are used, as a rule, to having the players practically among us. But in "The Magistrate" there they are, high and dry: we have to get accustomed to it.

This aside, the old farce comes across very well, soliloquies and all. It is seventy-five years old, and it still moves as fast as the early stages of that desperate midnight escape that Michael Hordern now describes so briskly. The business is a fine frenzy; but the spectator has to do two things. He must remember the period of the farce, and he has to trust the author. Pinero knew, as Travers would know later, that the maddest farces rise from a complex fable. So in "The Magistrate" we are asked, with immense solemnity, to believe that the new wife of the "beak" of Mulberry Street has falsified the age of her son by a former marriage. He is nineteen; he thinks he is fourteen. Everything begins there. If you don't believe the taradiddle, and refuse to appreciate Mrs. Posket's reasons, then the evening may leave you wondering. But if you have any pleasure in the farcical stage, you will—so to speak—touch your hat to Pinero and let him weave on through a tale so richly designed that it would be silly to attempt to compress it within a few sentences.

It is enough that the magistrate has a night out, "supping slyly" at a dubious hotel with his remarkable stepson, and that somehow everyone in the farce is involved in a web of invention. I like especially the scene for two Military Men in the second act: one of them, a bristling Anglo-Indian colonel, gallantly entertaining the unexpected ladies, and grieved about his companion's possible fate on a shaking balcony; and the other a love-thwarted Captain, baffled, drenched, angry, and yet preparing to do the right thing in all circumstances. This is superb idiocy. John Phillips and Jack May act with grave abandon. Pauline Jameson and Pauline Letts are expert ladies in distress; and Barrie Ingham, in an Eton jacket, is an irresistible juvenile delinquent. But it should be the Magistrate's play, and Michael Hordern seems to be as apt, in a different manner, as Denys Blakelock was fifteen years ago. It would be impossible to outmatch Mr. Blakelock, and it might be said that Mr. Hordern, however he disguises himself, now looks too naturally commanding for Mr. Posket's escapade. But he has a face that can crease like tissue-paper; his eyebrows waggle; his smiles become him well; and he is always in key with Douglas Seale's production.

It may be held against the ever witty and inventive Mr. Seale that his players remain the actors of 1959 self-consciously impersonating the people of 1885. Still, I do not think the play is less funny for that. Certainly it is infinitely better than the West End production of "The Schoolmistress," and it delights one to hear Pauline Jameson's fear, in the scene with her sister Charlotte, that she has wrecked her son's life: "If he lives to be a hundred, he must be buried at ninety-five."

While the Old Vic was beginning the run of "The Magistrate," our visitors of the Comédie Française were doing Feydeau's "Le Dindon" at the Princes. Feydeau was another redoubtable craftsman. He enjoyed complexity for its own sake, and the French company, used to every move, ran through the maze in an immensely enjoyable helter-skelter that wavered only in the third act. Again it depended upon a spectator's disposition, his Wellercsque "taste and fancy," whether he preferred the quieter expository scenes (though quiet is hardly the word for a play that leaps into full farce in the early minutes), or the unrestrained clamour of the second act, every bedroom door swinging, alarm-bells jangling beneath the mattress of a double bed (Feydeau had a happily unexploited idea), and the cast swirling through an uninhibited tarantella. I liked particularly the comic bravura of Jean Meyer, Robert Hirsch, and Micheline Boudet, and the charming accent, American-based, of Denise Noel as the English wife of a Marseillais.

After this there is little to say of "Wolf's Clothing" (Strand). It is, in fact, a lamb-like little comedy (a rather sleepy lamb) in which such players as Muriel Pavlow and Patrick Cargill slip agreeably through the motions of a mixed-bedroom comedy devised by Kenneth Horne with not much more, perhaps, than amiability. Only a mild gunpowder plot here: none at all in the strange conversation-piece, a conflict between rebels and "authority" in a cellar beneath a bombed London mansion, that Romilly Cavan entitles "All My Own Work." The acting of second-year students of the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art (under the professional direction of Michael Warre), in the Academy's Kensington theatre, was uncommonly sharp. It made me wish to see these students in much else: even, perhaps, in the fiercely testing technical problems of downright farce.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"STARTIME" (London Palladium).—A variety programme, with Frankie Vaughan at its head, will run for eight weeks. (March 30.)

"LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN" and "UN CAPRICE" (Princes).—The third week of the Comédie Française. (March 31.)

BRITISH AND U.S. AIR NEWS: SOME OF THE NEW V.T.O.L. AIRCRAFT.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE *ROTODYNE*, AN ORDER FOR WHICH WAS RECENTLY PLACED BY NEW YORK AIRWAYS.

SUCCESSFULLY DEMONSTRATED TO THE U.S. ARMY AT PHILADELPHIA RECENTLY: THE REVOLUTIONARY WINGLESS *VZ-8P* GROUND AND AIR VEHICLE, RAISED BY DUCTED PROPELLERS.

THE LARGEST OF THE FASTER VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT BUILT IN THE U.S.: THE HILLER *X-18*, FLIGHT TESTING OF WHICH WAS PLANNED FOR THIS YEAR.

CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S ONLY COMPLETELY FOLDABLE PURE HELICOPTER: THE 300 LB. HILLER *ROTORCYCLE*, TEN OF WHICH ARE TO BE BUILT BY SAUNDERS-ROE LTD.

A LARGE AIRCRAFT AND AN AWKWARD CARGO: LOADING A *TITAN* INTER-CONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE, LENGTH ABOUT 90 FT., INTO A U.S. TRANSPORT.

Progress in the development of various new kinds of vertical take-off and landing aircraft continues in the United States, Britain and France. Recently there has been encouraging news about the British *Rotodyne*, five of these aircraft having been ordered by New York Airways, who have also arranged an option on a further fifteen. At last year's Farnborough Air Display, Okanagan Helicopters of Canada also placed an order for *Rotodynes*, and British European Airways are interested in these aircraft. The *Rotodyne* prototype achieved its first transition to complete autorotative flight last April. The Hiller one-man *Rotorcycle* (illustrated with the Hiller *X-18* in our issue of Nov. 2, 1957) has been initially accepted by the U.S. Marine Corps and an agreement has been reached whereby Saunders-Roe Ltd., Southampton, are to manufacture under licence an evaluation batch of ten.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

UNDER THE SHADOW

By ALAN DENT

BY the time this page appears there will probably have been another Easter March to Aldermaston, and it is to be hoped it will have had better weather. It will do no one any harm—especially those who for any kind of reason fail to, or find it impossible to, take part—to see the truly remarkable little documentary film made out of the same salutary pilgrimage in 1958. It is called simply "The March to Aldermaston."

It is coupled in the present amazingly successful programme at the Academy Theatre with a revival of Jean Renoir's "La Grande Illusion"—a film largely taking place in a German fortress used as a prison in the 1914–1918 War. This has—if you do not remember—Eric Stroheim as a high-ranking German officer in charge of the prison, Pierre Fresnay as a high-ranking French officer who is his prisoner, and Jean Gabin as a commoner—and consciously commoner—French sergeant.

The interplaying of the two chief characters—the profound mutual respect for each other's position and breeding—is a lovely thing to watch in the hands and faces of Stroheim and Fresnay. And it is an equal pleasure to watch Gabin shrug his shoulders and utter French interjections at this smiling urbanity of understanding which is quite beyond his ken. Every film about any kind of international scrap, or major or minor war, or internal revolution that has since happened in the disorderly world has its plain obligations to "La Grande Illusion." Only last year it was ranked—in Venice or Vienna or Vladivostock, or wherever they come to such decisions—among the twelve best films ever made. It is most certainly among the best twenty.

We can detect this influence even in a brand-new film like "The Journey" since it shows at least two of the characters who are caught up in a crisis behaving, or trying to behave, with urbanity and composure. Objections have been made to this film (notably well directed by Anatole Litvak) that it is a fiction-story made out of the Hungarian Revolution instead of a documentary. But the objections seem to me to come from exactly those people who would stay away from such a documentary, even if it had been made and shown.

This film, "The Journey," is not a major masterpiece, but it is not to be missed by any who enjoy a likely story even when it is set against a background of the Hungarian Revolution reconstructed with a reasonable painstakingness. A Russian commander (Yul Brynner) has suddenly to cope with some non-Hungarian tourists who are to be sent by bus to Vienna. These contain a very English lady whose poise is slightly but almost imperceptibly shaken (Deborah Kerr) and a gentleman so blandly and so determinedly cool (Robert Morley) that he could not possibly be other than genuinely English. There are some other well-observed and quite convincingly non-Hungarian characters who would obviously be out of place in any Revolution. But what of the mysterious sick man who is obviously trying to look unremarkable and whose English is neither native nor American (Jason Robards, Jr.)? Why is the all-but-poised English lady so solicitous about his illness? Can it be that he is a Hungarian with a forged passport whom the lady is coolly attempting to smuggle into Austria? It can.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

YUL BRYNNER AND DEBORAH KERR, WHO APPEAR TOGETHER IN "THE JOURNEY" (AN M.-G.-M. RELEASE).

"Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr inter-act commendably well," writes Alan Dent, "as a Russian commander and as an English lady who has been found guilty of smuggling a Hungarian out of Budapest into Austria. He has undoubted power; but she has undeniable resistance. As I am at pains to point out on this page, it is not their fault if we tend to come away from 'The Journey' humming the tunes of 'The King and I,' in which these two favourites last appeared together. The background of this serious film is the recent Hungarian Revolution, and the thorough and conscientious direction is by Anatole Litvak. The film began its London career at the Empire on March 17; and Mr. Brynner came to Europe for the occasion and is to make personal appearances during its British tour."

The long duel between the lady and the Russian is perhaps the best part of this film since it gives Mr. Brynner plenty of opportunities to bark with tenderness, snap with an asperity that has, nevertheless, an overtone of humorous understanding, and stare forthrightly and hypnotically—a battery which Miss Kerr meets with remarkable assurance, a hint of pathos that all but pierces his hardness, and an ineluctable air of dignity built on the incontrovertible fact that after all she is a woman and he is merely a man, that she, moreover, is an Englishwoman whereas he is but a Russian. It is the fault of circumstances, and not at all of the players themselves, that even when this pair are at their most serious in this film, the jolly little tunes of "The King and I" seep, as it were, into the mind's ear, and the Russian turns into the King of Siam and the English lady turns into the English governess singing to her boss!

But to restore us to seriousness we note that the Russians speak Russian and the Hungarians their own language, nowhere reverting to that broken English which is the usual silly expedient. Here again is the healthy influence of "La Grande Illusion" where Stroheim and Fresnay both speak German and French, now and again dropping into an English phrase or sentence, as such urbane men would do, all over Europe or even Asia.

Since I seem to have returned to the Academy programme let me yet again recommend a revival of the Wells-Korda film "Things to Come" when the revival of "La Grande Illusion" will have ceased to attract. But "The March to Aldermaston" should be retained since it would make a marvellously effective double bill with the unforgettable but oddly ignored "Things to Come," which shows Ralph Richardson and Raymond Massey and Margaretta Scott among the forlorn little group of people left when the last atomic-bomb has done its work.

FISHER (TAINA ELG) RESTRAINS RICHARD HANNAY (KENNETH MORE) FROM PICKING UP THE BABY'S RATTLE WHICH LEADS TO THE VARIED ADVENTURES OF "THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS." (RANK ORGANISATION: LONDON PREMIERE, ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, MARCH 12.)

MR. MEMORY (JAMES HAYTER), IN A BACK-STAGE DEATH SCENE, UNFOLDS THE MYSTERY OF THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS TO HANNAY, THE COMPERE (JEREMY HAWK), LEFT CENTRE, AND FISHER: ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE RANK ORGANISATION'S FILM.

Lest any reader should think I am becoming quite unlike myself through the shadow cast over the world, let me reassure him or her that I do my preaching only in print. Most probably I shall have spent my Easter playing ring-o'-roses with little children (two of them my god-children)—as I usually do. The only public demonstration in which I ever took part was the carrying of a sandwich-board in a futile attempt to save the St. James's Theatre from the demolition-men. But I respect and applaud the marchers nevertheless and, indeed, all the more. Theirs is an attempt to save the Whole World from the demolition-men! And I pray to Heaven that theirs is an attempt which will be the reverse of futile.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"CARRY ON, NURSE" (Anglo. Generally Released: March 23) and "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!" (20th Century-Fox. Generally Released: March 16).—Neither of these hectic farces seems to me to provide adequate cause for merriment, and the former, in particular, seems to me almost nauseating since it happens wholly in a hospital. But the general taste would appear to be "agin" this particular view. So carry on and rally round, dear readers.

FROM "TIPPOO'S TIGER" TO A CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE: HOME NEWS IN PICTURES.

THE ARMS OF THE CORINTHIAN-CASUALS, RECENTLY GRANTED TO THE CLUB; AND ALMOST CERTAINLY THE FIRST ARMS TO BE GRANTED TO AN ENGLISH FOOTBALL CLUB. THE MOTTO MEANS "FROM TWO, ONE."

(Above.)
M.V. *MANCHESTER FAITH* (6000 TONS), ONE OF TWO NEW SHIPS BUILT FOR MANCHESTER LINES, WHICH WERE TO MAKE THEIR MAIDEN VOYAGE TOGETHER ON MARCH 28.

M.V. *Manchester Faith* and S.S. *Manchester Miller* (9200 tons), built at Sunderland and Belfast respectively, are designed to exploit the new potential of the St. Lawrence Seaway, and were to make their maiden voyages together across the Atlantic, starting from the Manchester Canal on March 28.

(Right.)
ONCE MORE IN ACTION: "TIPPOO'S TIGER," A GRISLY TOY CAPTURED AT SERINGAPATAM IN 1799 AND NOW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

This grim mechanism, made to the order of Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, represents a tiger devouring a European and, when wound up, produces sounds representing the cries of the victim and the growls of the tiger. For many years it has been silent, but has now been repaired, and on March 23 "gave tongue" to mark the publication of the museum's new book on its history.

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE CAM AT CAMBRIDGE: THE NEW STONE SILVER STREET BRIDGE, BASED ON A DESIGN BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.

This Portland stone bridge, now nearing completion, is based on an original design by Sir Edwin Lutyens and replaces the old Silver Street iron bridge, which had a 2-ton weight limit and a narrow carriageway. The new bridge is 45 ft. wide.

A MODERN PARALLEL FOR "BREAKING A BUTTERFLY ON A WHEEL": EXTERMINATING MOSQUITOES WITH BULLDOZERS—AN ARMY OPERATION NEAR GOSPORT.

In an attempt to free a 40-acre piece of War Department scrubland near Gosport of mosquitoes, a number of bulldozers, excavators, scrapers and a grader are being used to level the ground, clear the vegetation, and fill in a moat.

IN LONDON AND NEW YORK: TWO EXHIBITIONS AND AN OUTSTANDING SALE.

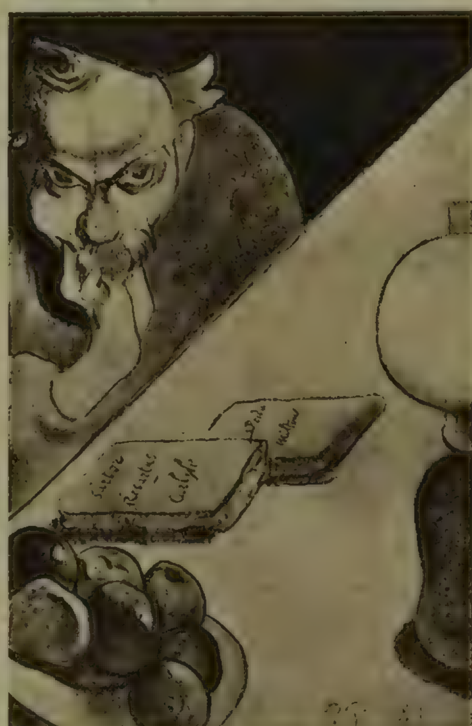
" *VACHERE AU BORD DE L'EAU* ": A DETAIL OF ONE OF THE 166 ETCHINGS BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903), THE PROPERTY OF MISS OROVIDA PISSARRO, TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON APRIL 8.

" *CAMILLE PISSARRO, PAR LUI-MEME,*" DEDICATED " *A MON FILS LUCIEN.*" PISSARRO INCLUDED SUCH ETCHINGS IN HIS WEEKLY LETTERS TO HIS SON.

The collection of 166 etchings by the great French Impressionist Camille Pissarro, due to be sold at Sotheby's on April 8, is of special rarity and interest because a great part of it consists of works either included in the artist's regular letters to his son Lucien in England, or found in Pissarro's studio at his death. In both cases the etchings are very early prints, some in colour, often made while the artist was still at work on the plates; and in many cases it is possible to follow him as fresh ideas for changing and improving his plates came into his mind. They are the property of his granddaughter, Miss Orovida Pissarro.

" *FANEUSES,*" BY CAMILLE PISSARRO: FROM THE WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF ETCHINGS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST'S GRANDDAUGHTER, MANY OF WHICH ARE MENTIONED IN PISSARRO'S LETTERS.

"VASE OF FLOWERS," BY PABLO PICASSO (BORN 1881), PAINTED IN 1898: FROM THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS BELONGING TO MEMBERS OF THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY. (Oil painting: 15 by 18¾ ins.)

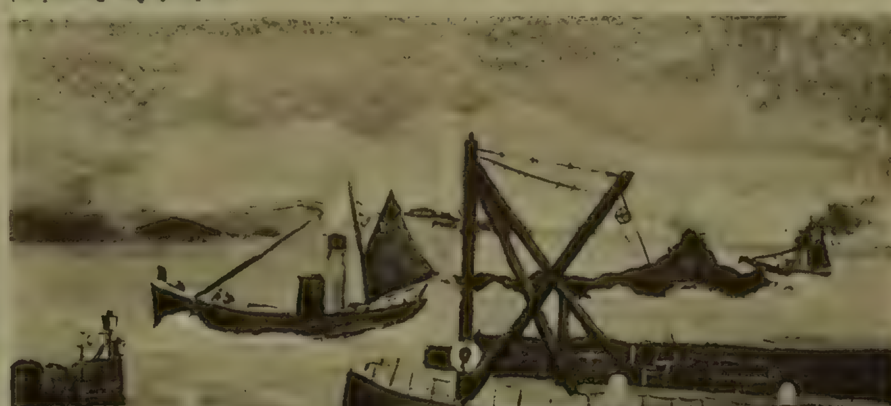


"PORTRAIT OF MEYER D'HALM," BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903), PAINTED IN 1889: FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE KNOEDLER GALLERIES, NEW YORK. (Oil painting: 30¾ by 20½ ins.)

"CHRYSANTHEMUMS," BY FANTIN-LATOUR (1836-1904), PAINTED IN 1874: FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BELONGING TO MEMBERS OF THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY TO BE SHOWN IN NEW YORK. (Oil painting: 27 by 22½ ins.)

An exhibition of over forty works selected from the private collections of members of the Rockefeller family will be open at the Knoedler Galleries, New York, from April 8 until April 25, in aid of the National Urban League.

"MENDING THE NETS, TREBOUL," BY CHRISTOPHER WOOD (1901-1930), PAINTED IN 1930: FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION AT THE REDFERN GALLERY, LONDON.
(Oil on canvas : 21 by 25½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Richard Attenborough.)



"THE RED FUNNEL," BY CHRISTOPHER WOOD, PAINTED, LIKE MUCH OF HIS BEST WORK, IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS LIFE : A GIFT TO PRINCE CHARLES FROM MRS. LUCY WERTHEIM.
(Oil on canvas : 20 by 28 ins.) (Lent by H.M. The Queen.)

The Redfern Gallery has arranged an admirable exhibition of the paintings of Christopher Wood. Consisting of about 100 works, it will remain open until May 8. This is the first retrospective collection of the artist's work to be shown in public since before the war, and as almost all Wood's important paintings are in private collections, such an event is likely to be rare. Wood died suddenly in 1930 by his own hand, having worked feverishly in the previous few months. He produced, in that time, most of the delightful canvases for which he is now known: Breton scenes with fishing-boats, drying nets, quaint, rambling walls, groups of villagers; composed with a childish yet skilful draughtsmanship and a remarkable purity of colour. Furthermore, his paintings show a glimpse of a private dreamworld, uncanny and compelling, which forbids one to dismiss him as a charming decorative artist.

A GREAT DAY IN A DANISH PRINCESS'S LIFE: PRINCESS BENEDIKTE, KING FREDERIK'S SECOND DAUGHTER, CONFIRMS HER FAITH IN CHRIST BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR OF FREDENSBORG CHURCH.

This act of faith, which in Scandinavian countries is usually made at about the age of fourteen or fifteen, is a great family and religious ceremony. It took place recently for Princess Benedikte, the second daughter of King Frederik IX of Denmark and Queen Ingrid. Princess Benedikte will be fifteen on April 29. Among those present for the ceremony were the Royal family of Denmark and the young princess's grandfather, King Gustav Adolf of Sweden and Queen Louise. Queen Ingrid of Denmark is the King of Sweden's daughter by his first marriage. Fredensborg Church—of which we show the rich baroque High Altar, is part of the Royal Castle of Fredensborg. This castle lies south-west of Elsinore and was built by the side of Lake Esrom by Frederik IV in 1720, to commemorate the peace which ended the war between Denmark and Sweden; and it is famous for its lovely parklands.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

IN the nature of things it is a little difficult to fall in love with a girl who was born almost exactly 200 years ago. However, if this feat were possible I should, in the language of her eighteenth-century contemporaries, have "entertained a most perfect passion" for Mary, the daughter of the ninth Baron Cathcart. I would defy any "man of Sensibility" who has ever seen Gainsborough's full-length portrait of "The Hon. Mrs. Graham" not to sympathise. As Mr. Anthony Brett-James, in his life of her husband GENERAL GRAHAM, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, points out, Gainsborough painted the other equally charming, but unfortunately unfinished, "Mrs. Graham as a Housemaid," which is now in the Tate Gallery, because a friend had commented that in the first portrait Mrs. Graham owed much of her beauty to the elegant clothes and hat, and to the stately background and rich colouring. The simpler portrait he sketched to prove the falsity of this idea. I am delighted to find from the early pages of this soldier, superlative horseman, diplomat and politician (as he became), that, like Gainsborough, my fancy was taken by no mere outward seeming. Young Thomas Graham, after making the Grand Tour, returned to Scotland, stood as unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for Perth as a Whig, and fell head over heels in love with Lord Cathcart's young daughter, Mary. Comparatively short as it was, it is a lovely tale of married life. Lord Cathcart himself was delighted, for, as he wrote gracefully to a relative: "Jane has married, to please herself, John, Duke of Athole, a peer of the realm; Mary has married Thomas Graham of Balgowan, the man of her heart, and a peer among princes." Nothing could have been more idyllic than this marriage. The shadows were, however, soon to fall. Both Mary Graham's parents had died of consumption, and one by one the family were stricken. Mary, who had devoted herself to looking after her orphaned brothers and sisters, died after eighteen years of married life, in a yacht off the South of France. The grief-stricken husband must have been comforted by the staunch and moving letter he received from her posthumously. This included: "Let your comfort be that I could never have lived without you, and am happy to go first." Graham's loss was Britain's gain, for the wealthy Scottish laird, one of the most daring horsemen of his age, to solace himself took to soldiering, raised the 90th Foot (now the Cameronians), and became the trusted Second-in-Command to the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular Campaigns. He lived to a great old age and when he died in 1843, ninety-five years after his birth, the blinds of the United Services Club were lowered and Lawrence's portrait of the founder was draped in black—an exceptional honour which was not accorded to the bust of the Duke of Wellington when he died eight years later.

Apart from the charming love-story to which I have referred, this book provides an admirable up-to-date version of the Peninsular War. (Those whose interests are in the hunting field will be delighted with the story of Graham's great friend, Hugo Meynell, the first Master of the Quorn for more than forty years, whose tact led him to remark about two dashing riders who had ridden ahead of hounds that "the hounds are following the gentlemen, who had very kindly gone forward to see what the fox was doing!")

Anyone who has studied that period of European history, when great men abounded, known as the "Concert of Europe," will find that the names in Mr. Anthony Brett-James's book are in many cases common to THE STRANGE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH, by Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde, M.P. In the despatches of that (to my mind) greatest of British Foreign Secretaries, the name of Graham's brother-in-law, Cathcart, appears most frequently as one of the most trusted of his diplomatic agents abroad. This fascinating book—for those interested in historical detection—deals, however, not with the great causes to which Castlereagh devoted his life, but to his suicide, which can be traced to his overwork in their pursuit. Or was it? Mr. Montgomery Hyde raises a doubt in his readers' minds, a doubt which was expressed in the words of Philip von Neumann, Counsellor of the Austrian Embassy in London: "Of all men he was the last from whom one could have expected anything of the kind. There is some mystery about this which perhaps time will explain; but whatever it was it must have been very serious to have led to such an act."

The inquest brought in a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind. Personally, and having read Mr. Montgomery Hyde's masterly marshalling of evidence, I see no reason not to accept this verdict.

But was there any substance in the suggestion widely bruited, that there was, in fact, some method in his madness that Castlereagh's mind had become unhinged by blackmail? Was Castlereagh—who notoriously took his pleasure with the women of the town—trapped into a compromising situation with a youth dressed as a woman and thereafter blackmailed to death? Myself, I don't believe it—but Mr. Montgomery Hyde, in his extremely readable book, leaves the question open.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT would surprise many whose chess is confined to over-the-board play to learn that games of quite high calibre can be won and lost in fewer than twenty moves *in postal chess*. "But you have all the time in the world to avoid blunders!" True enough, but your opponent has all the time in the world to exploit them with relentless precision when, as human fallibility ensures, they do come.

Here are two such cataclysmic games from the postal chess of the last few months. I defy anybody to put his finger with certainty on the move which lost the game.

BLACKMAR GAMBIT.

(*Yes, here we are again!*)

S. ELGSTRAND Sweden *White*	G. NIELSEN Denmark *Black*	S. ELGSTRAND Sweden *White*	G. NIELSEN Denmark *Black*
1. P–Q4	N–KB3	10. Castles (K)	P–B4
2. N–QB3	P–Q4	11. N–K5	N–N3
3. P–K4	P×P	12. N–K2	P×P
4. P–B3	P×P	13. B×Pch!	K×B
5. N×P	P–K3	14. N×P	Q–Q4
6. B–KN5	B–K2	15. Q–R4ch	K–N1
7. Q–Q2	Castles	16. N–R6ch	P×N
8. B–Q3	QN–Q2	17. B×N	Resigns
9. Q–B4	R–K1		

That it was postal chess probably *shortened* this game, as Black had "all the time in the world" to establish beyond a shadow of doubt that (mainly of course owing to the exposed situation of his king) he was quite lost, whatever he played.

I particularly liked White's 9. Q–B4. A harmless (even pointless) looking move, it played a big part in setting up the pressure along the king's bishop's file which itself had a big part in the victory. Now we cross the Atlantic:

RUY LOPEZ.

J. McCLURE U.S.A. *White*	C. CARBOULD Canada *Black*	J. McCLURE U.S.A. *White*	C. CARBOULD Canada *Black*
1. P–K4	P–K4	7. B–B2	P–Q3
2. N–KB3	N–QB3	8. P–Q4	P×P
3. B–N5	P–QR3	9. P×P	B–N5
4. B–R4	N–B3	10. B–K3	N–N5
5. P–B3	B–K2	11. P–K5	B×N
6. Castles	P–QN4	12. Q×B!	

A shock for Black. You might satisfy yourself that this is the winning move. But was 11. . . . B×N the losing move for Black?

12.	N×B	13. P×N	Castles

For if 13. . . . B×P, White can play 14. Q–B6ch and 15. Q×N. And if 13. . . . N×R there is 14. P×P! R–KN1; 15. Q–B6ch, Q–Q2 (forced); 16. Q×Rch and even Black's knight can yet be caught (work it out!).

14. P×B	Q×P	17. N–K4	QR–K1
15. N–B3	N×R	18. N–B6ch!	P×N
16. R×N	Q–Q2	19. B–R6	Resigns

Even had Black, on move seventeen, played the other rook to K1, he would be as helpless now.

It is sad to have one's cherished illusions destroyed. I had always dined out on the story told me by my tutor, that great military historian Mr. C. T. Atkinson, that the first rifles were supplied to the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsular War, and that a sergeant of the future Green Jackets, given permission to try out his weapon on a French officer sitting on his horse 150 yards away in, as he thought, complete safety from any "Brown Bess," had duly bowled him over. On this the French had sent across a deputation, under a flag of truce, to protest against this barbarous breach of the rules which governed the normal conduct of war between civilised nations!

Unfortunately Mr. Robert Held, in THE AGE OF FIREARMS, destroys this and other illusions. Confound it, Mr. Held reveals to me that rifles were used by Britons as far back as Henry VIII and quite regularly during the Civil War. At the same time, this is a book which no one, such as myself, who is interested in firearms (military or civil) or in the history of warfare, can afford to overlook.

When I was a schoolboy my pastors and masters, ignoring the fact that I have always been able to do two things at once, imposed severe penalties on me for drawing the aircraft of the day in class (the fact that I was then able to repeat to them exactly what they had just been saying only seemed to infuriate them the more!) I was, therefore, the more delighted with the many photographs with which Mr. Bernt Balchen, the author of COME NORTH WITH ME, decorates—for that is the correct word—his admirable description of the early days of flying.

A gallant and charming story marred only for me by his irritating use of the historic present. Sir! only your adopted fellow-countryman, the late and admirable Mr. Damon Runyon, is allowed such successful liberties!

Young men are habitually breaking the hearts of young women, and *vice versa*. In real life, the process is somewhat disagreeable, but in fiction it keeps the novelists busy and happy, while readers seem to be able to consume any amount of it, and send back their plates for more. But what happens when a woman who has been cruelly jilted in youth suddenly meets the jilter more than twenty years later, when she is married with grown-up children, and he is divorced? That is the situation created by Rosalind Wade in THE GRAIN WILL GROW, and I thought that she handled it very well.

Whenever I read novels about horrors behind the Iron Curtain, I find myself moved to deep despair. The details are, I am sure, perfectly authentic. Nothing is exaggerated. It could all have happened like that—and probably *is* happening like that, at this very moment. It seems that the dehumanisation which is the essence of Communism is a disease which leaves ineradicable scars, even if the patient recovers from it. These were some of the thoughts which passed through my mind as I read Gregory Solon's LET US FIND HEROES. Of its kind, I thought it remarkably fine. The hero is involved in a double drama of physical adventure and moral re-education. All the characters come to life—but what kind of a life? It does not bear thinking about.

Let us get away from heartbreak—and surely there is no better route to take than the thriller. Mr. Gerard Fairlie, the author of MACALL GETS CURIOUS, is well known as the literary successor of "Sapper," from whom he inherited the famous Bulldog Drummond. So we know what to expect, and the expectation is pleasant. There will be much action, men with either stern jaws or shifty eyes, and girls—good, bad, or half-and-half, but always beautiful. They say things like: "In that case, more coffee and cointreau, please." They are "dressed to kill," and they "stun the lot." It is all the best of fun, and if I were in a casino at Le Touquet with Moira by my side, I should call for more cointreau and drink: "Here 's to it!"

Mr. Elleston Trevor has a reputation for writing wartime novels which are more than usually successful. Yet I found that I could not get on very well with his THE V.I.P. There are Ruritanian monarchs and revolutions and love passages with English girls who modestly suggest that they aren't really cold, only badly brought up. They are, she conceded, jolly good at hockey. ("Come! Mother Hera. It 's no barren pastime! Pallas! You owl! This world is *not* Roedean!") But Louise was underrating her abilities in other directions—as the author describes with singular clarity.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

GENERAL GRAHAM, by Anthony Brett-James. (*Macmillan; 36s.*)

THE STRANGE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH, by H. Montgomery Hyde. (*Heinemann; 18s.*)

THE AGE OF FIREARMS, by Robert Held. (*Cassell; 50s.*)

COME NORTH WITH ME, by Bernt Balchen. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.*)

THE GRAIN WILL GROW, by Rosalind Wade. (*Hutchinson; 15s.*)

LET US FIND HEROES, by Gregory Solon. (*Constable; 16s.*)

MACALL GETS CURIOUS, by Gerard Fairlie. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.*)

THE V.I.P., by Elleston Trevor. (*Heinemann; 16s.*)

THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE DAIMLER *MAJESTIC* SALOON.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

FROM the earliest days of motoring Daimler cars have had a high reputation for comfort, and for the quietness and smoothness of their performance. Although they have been conservative in design their manufacturers have never hesitated to incorporate technically advanced features, such as the double-sleeve valve engine, which was adopted in 1909 and used until 1935, and the Fluid-flywheel and Wilson preselective gear-box transmission, first used in 1932 and still employed on some models.

The same policy is followed to-day, for while the 3.8-litre *Majestic* has an orthodox chassis of cruciform and box-section design it also has such up-to-date features as the Borg-Warner fully-automatic transmission and Dunlop disc brakes on all four wheels. Moreover, these are standardised components and not merely optional extras.

In appearance the name *Majestic* is well warranted, for it is a large and imposing luxury saloon with a wheelbase of 9 ft. 6 ins., a track of 4 ft. 8 ins. at the front and 4 ft. 9 ins. at the rear, and a weight of 36 cwt. ready for the road. Overall dimensions are: length 16 ft. 4 ins., width 6 ft. 1¼ ins., and height 5 ft. 2⅞ ins. Its lines are quietly elegant, and do not call for lavish chromium ornamentation to emphasise them.

The body is of full-width design, with the front wings merging into the front door panels, and the amount of passenger space is unusually generous even for a large car of this type. It is, indeed, a really roomy six-seater, with a width of 5 ft. 2½ ins. across the rear seat and of 4 ft. 11 ins. across the front seat.

Should fewer than six persons be carried comfort is afforded by wide central armrests to both seats and by armrests on the four doors, which help to position the occupants on these wide and deep sprung seats. Ample leg-room is provided for the rear passengers, and the floor is virtually flat both at front and rear.

In the interior furnishing and appointments the standard is luxurious. Walnut veneer is used for the fascia, door cappings and window surrounds, high-grade leather for the upholstery, thick pile carpet with felt underlay for the floor, and, very sensibly, washable PVC material for the roof lining. Deep pockets are provided in the doors, pleated pockets in the back of the front seat, and a lockable glove-box in the near side of the fascia matches an open recess in the off-side.

From its very size it might be imagined that the *Majestic* would lack something in ease of driving. Nothing could be wider of the mark. The wide doors are well placed in relation to the seats and make access to them easy. The driver can enter on the near side and slide across the seat, a great convenience in busy city streets, for there is no gear-lever and the handbrake-lever is suspended from the scuttle on the right.

THE DAIMLER 3.8-LITRE *MAJESTIC*—A LARGE AND IMPOSING SALOON, WHICH (COLONEL CLEASE WRITES) HAS THE CHARACTERISTICS OF BOTH A REFINED TOWN CARRIAGE AND A HIGH-PERFORMANCE SPORTS CAR.

An excellent driving position can be secured, for the seat adjustment is generous and smooth in operation, and the steering-column is adjustable for reach. There are, of course, only two pedals, brake and accelerator, and there is ample space for the driver's feet. The dip switch is within easy reach of the left foot.

Driving visibility is also a good point, for the curved screen is wide so that its pillars are brought well back, while they are also of thin section. Both front wings can be seen, and the wide, curved rear window affords wide vision astern. The rear view mirror is well placed.

Thus one immediately feels at ease at the wheel, and finds that the instruments and subsidiary controls are sufficiently visible and accessible, although they are grouped centrally. The combined ignition and starter switch is close to the steering-column, the gear-selector-lever is mounted on the column for right-hand operation, and the flashing indicator switch is above the central boss of the wheel, which carries the horn button.

Undoubtedly the Borg-Warner automatic transmission contributes greatly to the ease of driving, as well as to the astonishing performance this large car possesses. The action of this transmission has been described in previous articles and need not be repeated. Its characteristics are admirably suited to those of the engine.

The 6-cylinder 3.8-litre engine has the modest compression ratio of 7.5 to 1 and develops 147 b.h.p. at 4400 r.p.m., and its maximum torque at the moderate speed of 2800 r.p.m. It gives good acceleration at moderate throttle openings without inducing a change to intermediate gear in the transmission.

In moving from rest on light throttle the change from low to intermediate occurs at about 10 m.p.h., and into top at about 18 m.p.h., the changes hardly being perceptible. In built-up areas, therefore, the car merely glides along in "majestic" fashion. In slow-moving traffic I found a tendency for the transmission to "hunt," that is, to change up and down between intermediate and top, but this can be avoided by pulling out the "intermediate hold" control, when the transmission will remain in intermediate gear.

On the open road, when the power of the engine can be fully used by depressing the accelerator to the kick-down position, the performance becomes startling by comparison. The dignified town carriage becomes a high-performance sports car!

But it still justifies its name, because the engine remains so quiet and smooth even when the 100 m.p.h. is attained, and the car's manners remain unimpaired.

With kick-down acceleration the gear-changes occur at about 38 m.p.h. into intermediate and about 58 m.p.h. into top, and from rest to 30 m.p.h. takes only 4.5 secs. and to 60 m.p.h. only 14.3 secs. A straight of not much more than one mile is sufficient for the speedometer to reach 100 m.p.h.

Such a performance potential demands good road-holding and first-class brakes. The steering is light and quite precise, has a little understeer, and the only criticism of it is that, because of its low gearing, straightening up after a corner can make the driver busy if he opens the throttle too quickly. The suspension, too, is soft enough for comfort, but firm enough to prevent any roll in fast cornering, an anti-roll bar being fitted at the front.

The disc brakes give the driver justified confidence in them. They are applied through a Lockheed vacuum servo, so that only light pedal pressure is needed to produce very rapid retardation. At the same time their response remains proportionate to the driver's effort, so that there is no loss of sensitivity. At whatever speed I applied them they remained smooth acting and fade free.

As may be imagined, the *Majestic* can put up very high average speeds with safety. It cruises effortlessly at any speed up to 80 m.p.h., with little or no mechanical noise, and without much wind noise if the hinged quarter lights front and aft are kept closed and the heater-ventilator system relied on. Fuel consumption varies around 20 m.p.g. according to the demands made on the car.

Equipment is comprehensive, and includes a reserve petrol control on the fascia, rheostat-controlled instrument lighting, screen-washers operated by the switch for the twin wipers, fog-lamp and pass-lamp, reversing-lamps, roof-lamps combining courtesy and reading lights, and cigarette-lighter, in addition to the usual items. The boot provides good luggage space unobstructed by the spare wheel, which has its own compartment below.

Indeed, the *Majestic* is a remarkable car in many ways, for its docile or sparkling performance, spaciousness and refinements, ease of handling and good road manners, and high standard of finish. Its price of £2495 includes purchase tax of £832 11s. 4d. and there is a wide choice of finish from ten single or seven dual colours, with varying upholstery colour schemes.

MOTORING NOTES.

To-morrow, April 5, Lord Brabazon of Tara will perform the official opening ceremony of the new Montagu Motor Museum at Beaulieu, Hampshire, in the early afternoon. The Museum contains some 200 historic cars and motor-cycles, as well as engines, accessories and pictures.

In the past ten years the volume of research and development work in Castrol's laboratories at Hayes, Middlesex, has increased 300 per cent., necessitating a large extension recently opened and completely equipped with the most modern apparatus. In the Radio-Chemical Laboratory research is conducted with the aid of radioactive isotopes.

A new and comprehensive Touring Atlas and Guide to the Continent was published recently by the B.M.C., containing new clarified road maps by Geographia of London. A series of international point-to-point routes show road numbers, distances in miles and kilometres, and information on road conditions. Its size is 9 ins. by 11 ins. and retail price 12s. 6d.

To show how a standard production saloon would stand up to the most arduous road conditions of Europe the Rootes Group submitted a *Minx* to 25,000 kms. (15,534 miles) of Belgian *pavé* at an average speed of 41 m.p.h. The run started on February 10 and the team of five women drivers encountered a considerable amount of ice and fog on the circuit of approximately 110 miles in the region of Brussels. The drivers were Miss Sheila Van Damm, Mrs. Nancy Mitchell, Miss Mary Handley Page, Mrs. Françoise Clarke and Miss Pat Ozanne.

After May 1 tourists taking cars or motor-cycles into the Republic of Ireland will not need a triptyque, carnet or bond. A pass will be supplied which when stamped by Customs at point of arrival will be valid for one year and for any number of entries and exits in that time. The registration book for the vehicle will have to be shown.

English cars won four of the six classes in the 1959 Australian Mobilgas Economy Run. A Morris *1000* averaged 54.75 ton-m.p.g., a Wolseley *6/90* 59.83 ton-m.p.g., an Austin *A.105* 54.26 ton-m.p.g., and an Austin *A.55* 51.17 ton-m.p.g.

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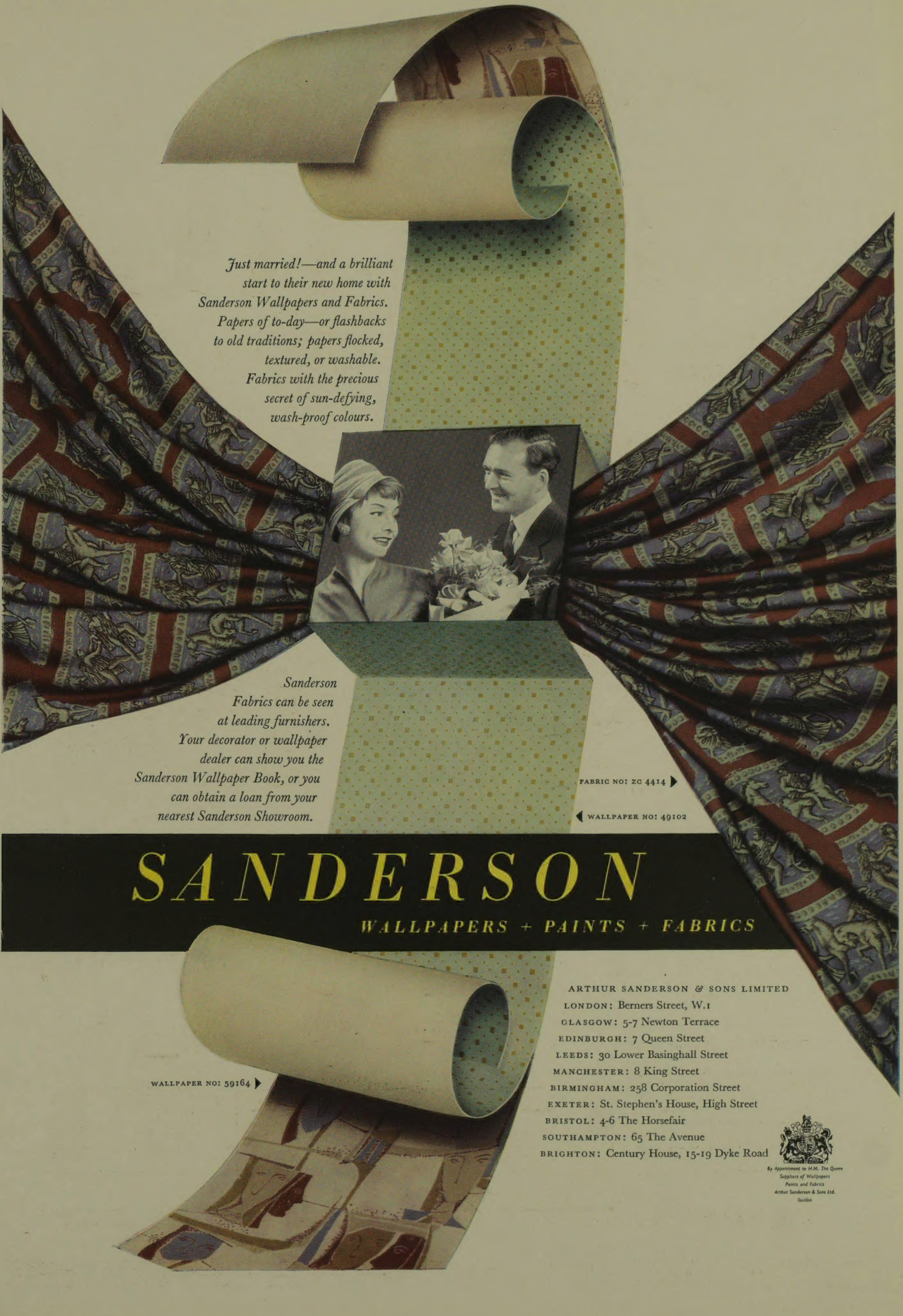

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